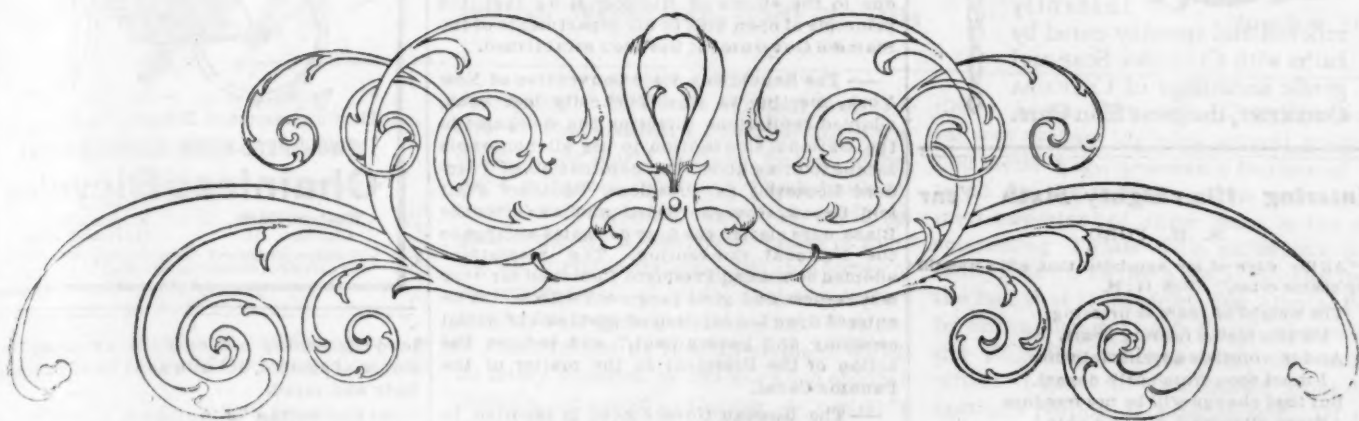


# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904



## O SOUL OF MINE

Revelation 2:17

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

(The White Stone gave to victors the freedom of the city. It was also the stone of acquittal, and on it was written a new name.)

*O SOUL of mine, I hear a deep Voice speaking,  
As cares increasing on thy swift steps press ;  
What says the Voice ? -- " The only thing worth seeking  
Is righteousness.*

*" In righteousness all things may'st thou inherit,  
Her past awaits the years eterne to bless,  
Life loses all if it gain not the merit  
Of righteousness."*

*O Soul of mine, the sun's brief hours are flying,  
And dust is all these mortal hands possess ;  
Where rise the fountains of the life undying ? --  
" In righteousness.*

*" Soul, in thyself are bidden compensations  
For disappointment, sorrow and distress ;  
Not wealth, but sacrifice, attains the stations  
To righteousness."*

*O Soul of mine, the cross is shining o'er thee,  
Its glory lights each step of thy duress,  
All thy ideals may change to life before thee  
Through righteousness.*

*O Soul of mine, thou may'st be poor and cotless,  
Lone disappointment may thy hopes depress ;  
The heavens are thine, if thou in Christ be spotless  
In righteousness.*

*Pleasure ? We part since thou art lost in winning.  
Wealth ? Thou dost make the soul's true value less.  
Fame ? What art thou but night's lone firefly's spinning  
To righteousness ?*

*" There is a city of the spheres immortal,  
That victors over self and sin possess,  
And the White Stone that opes its irised portal  
Is righteousness."*

*O Sacrifice, for thine own work receive me !  
With gains of losses let me others bless.  
Star of the Cross, I follow and believe Thee !  
My Righteousness.*

*Whither ? I know not -- into life eternal,  
My Guide I know, His feet I after press ;  
Within the soul are life and light supernal --  
In Righteousness !*



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## Entering His Eighty-Sixth Year

S. H. FORD.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." — Job 14:14.

The weight of years is pressing  
On this feebly beating heart,  
And in voiceless accents tells me  
I must soon from earth depart.  
But that change will be my freedom  
From all sorrow, sin and pain,  
For now "for me to live is Christ,"  
And then "to die is gain."

My sun is slowly setting  
In the purpled-curtained west,  
And my many old co-laborers  
Long since entered into rest;  
And the evening star appearing  
Shows me night is very near,  
But I view the deep'ning shadows  
With a faith that knows no fear.

They are waiting, blood-washed spirits  
Of the loved ones gone before;  
They are waiting, they are watching,  
Now at heaven's open door;  
And they'll meet me and they'll greet me  
In that many-mansioned home,  
Where I'll see my Saviour face to face,  
And know as I am known.

Oh, ye scenes of bliss and beauty,  
Break not yet upon my sight!  
Only wait until my vision  
Can endure heaven's living light;  
And ye ocean-peals of praises  
Burst not yet upon the air,  
Let me wait till in the sights and sounds  
My sinless soul can share.

Now new radiant stars are rising,  
Making night as bright as day,  
And the blest celestial city  
Is not very far away.  
For I seem to see the angels  
As they wait with folded wing —  
Wait to bear my ransomed spirit  
To the palace of my King.

— The Standard.

## FACTS WORTH NOTING

— A class of over 150 students was graduated last Thursday from the winter course in philanthropy established last October under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society of New York city. This course — the first of its kind in America — has been conducted by means of set lectures, required readings, and use of notebooks, with examinations in some instances.

— The tramway system at Hull, England, is owned and operated by the city. The cars are double-deckers, and the fare is two cents on all lines and for all distances. The gross income of the lines is about \$445,000, and the cost of working them has been about \$283,000, representing a net profit of about \$162,000 a mile of double track, which went into the city treasury.

— Captain Hobson of "Merrimac" fame has been defeated at the primaries held in the Sixth Congressional District in Alabama for the Congressional nomination, which goes to Congressman Bankhead. Both candidates were Democrats. The contest came over the simple question whether a man whose reputation had been made in a recent war should be

preferred over a Congressman of several years' practical experience. The struggle was severe, but experience won over enterprise.

— Hamilton King, U. S. Minister to Siam, reports that he is forwarding to the State Department tenders and specifications for a big supply of rolling stock for the Siamese railways, including an order for 187 cars of different kinds and a large number of separate parts, such as brakes and wheels. It is expected that this order will be followed soon by a larger one for locomotives and iron bridges. It is largely due to the efforts of Minister King that the principle of open bids in all departments of the Siamese Government has been established.

— The Republican State Convention of New York, meeting in New York city last week, adopted resolutions directing the delegates to the National Convention to use all honorable means to bring about the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as President. Senators Platt and Dewey, Governor Odell and ex Governor Black were elected the four delegates-at-large to the National Convention. The resolutions adopted commend President Roosevelt for "the fearlessness and good judgment with which he entered upon the solution of problems of social economy and government," and indorse the action of the President in the matter of the Panama Canal.

— The Russian Government is reported to be having difficulty with the Buriats, the original inhabitants of Transbaikalia. The Buriats, who are Buddhists, are inclined to a nomadic life, and resent the efforts of the Russian Government to organize them into settled communities. The Government, however, appears determined to carry through this policy, which seems inopportune at this juncture when the war with Japan is assuming such serious proportions. It is thought to be unwise at this time to arouse the hostility of a tribe which for three centuries has served the Russians as a buffer against the Mongolians and Chinese.

— A biological research station under the joint control of Harvard and New York Universities is to be established this coming summer at Flats, Bermuda. To aid in collecting, the Bermuda Natural History Society will furnish a launch with a crew, rowboats, and the necessary towing and dredging apparatus. A limited number of students from the two universities are to be taken along for a summer course of field instruction.

— The "Tong-Haks" are again in evidence in Korea, although recent reports regarding the possibility of internal trouble in that country have been much exaggerated. The Tong-Haks periodically head the discontented classes in Korea, who are prone to vent their grievances in the form of mild riots, which are now more marked than usual, owing to the general state of public feeling consequent on the war. If the Japanese forces should experience reverses within the limits of Korean territory, it is quite possible that the Tong-Haks would prove a thorn in their side. At the request of the British minister the obliging Japanese have taken steps to protect the mining industry in Korea.

— The appointment of Charles Hardinge as British ambassador to the Russian Court is not received with favor in Russia, since the new appointee is untitled, of secretarial rank, and — the Russians say — lacking in the prestige of a diplomatic career. "Mr." Hardinge has a good record as an ambassadorial assistant, and has yet to win his spurs as a full fledged diplomat. If he does so, England will give him titles fast enough.

— Arthur Chamberlain, an English manufacturer of note, and a brother of Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., in a recent speech, remarked that the only competitor he fears is the United States; and declared that the reason he fears the people of this country is because of their superior education, and the fact that they drink only half as much liquor as Englishmen. A movement instituted by physicians is now on foot in England in favor of the educational method against drink. In starting this movement the prominent medical men who deplore the prevalence of drinking habits in England have had constantly before them, they say, "the serious physical and moral conditions of degeneracy and disease resulting from the neglect and infraction of the elementary laws of hygiene." The reformers state it as their belief that a widespread ignorance prevails in Eng-



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land concerning not only the nature and substance of alcohol, but also as to its effects on the body and mind.

— The Sultan of Anjouan, in the Comoro Islands, has just sent a collection of elegantly dressed dolls to a European museum of toys. The dolls have no heads, the representation of the human face being forbidden by the religion of the Mussulmans.

— The Kansas Supreme Court has rendered a decision which in effect declares that the Bible may be read in the public schools of Kansas. The Supreme Court declares that a public school teacher, who, "for the purpose of quieting the pupils and preparing them for their regular studies, repeats the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm as a morning exercise, without comment or remark, is not conducting a form of religious worship or teaching sectarian or religious doctrine."

— Among the most interesting anthropological types exhibited at the St. Louis Fair will be two Filipino midgets, who are perhaps the smallest little people in the world, brother and sister, Juan and Martina de la Cruz. Juan is twenty-nine years old and twenty-nine inches high, while Martina is thirty-six years old and twenty-seven inches high, and the two are respectively seven and nine inches smaller than the renowned General Tom Thumb. Juan has been married, and is the father of a boy six years old who is as large as any child of his age in the Philippines. The midgets read and write and perform arithmetical problems in the Visayan tongue, and speak, besides the Tagalog lingo, Spanish and some English. Filipino history says that the Visayan tribe, from which the little persons come, grow to be taller and heavier than any of the thirty seven tribes.

## "A Railroad Beautiful"

Is the title of an interesting criticism by Charles Mulford Robinson, of the Boston & Albany R. R. artistic suburban stations and landscape gardening. It is reissued in pamphlet form, and may be secured by addressing  
A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.

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### Population of Great Cities

THE Census Bureau, in a recent bulletin which gives the estimated population of the United States for 1903, exclusive of Alaska and the "colonies," as 79,900,389, states that New York is now a city of 3,716,139 inhabitants. Chicago is accredited with 1,873,880, and Philadelphia with 1,367,716 residents. St. Louis has just passed, and Boston has almost reached, the 600,000 mark. Baltimore has 531,318 inhabitants, Cleveland 414,950, Buffalo 381,403, San Francisco 355,919, Pittsburg 345,043, and Cincinnati 332,984. Detroit, Milwaukee and New Orleans have just passed the 300,000 mark, and Washington is close to that figure. In the number of towns and cities having over 10,000 inhabitants Massachusetts is in the lead, with 47 such places, containing a total of 2,197,706 inhabitants; but this total of urban population is not as large as that of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Considered by States, New York leads in population, with more than seven and a half millions.

### New Elements Discovered

PROF. CHARLES BASKERVILLE, of the University of North Carolina, has announced the discovery of two elements in thorium, which hitherto has been considered one of the seventy primary chemical elements. One of these new elements Professor Baskerville has called carolinium, and the other berzelium, in honor of an early investigator. The elements were discovered after more than ten years' experimentation with monazite sand, found in North Carolina. The development of the elements was accomplished by the use of thorium dioxide, and they have a high power of luminosity. It has taken Professor Baskerville ten years to produce three grains. Experiments conducted in a dark room have shown that the two new elements possess radio-active properties in a high degree. Each shed illumination through tubes successively placed about it, sending its radiance through copper, brass, rubber, iron and glass, all covered with cloth.

According to Professor William Ramsay, one of the greatest authorities upon radium in the world, radium, instead of being a primeval substance which has been slowly disintegrating since the world began, is merely a temporary phase of matter, an unstable resting-point in a series of transmutations of which nobody knows the beginning, end, or meaning. Professor Ramsay thinks that an element which he lately detected in the so-called cubical crystals, obtained in Ceylon, is probably identical with one of the elements discovered by Professor Baskerville. All the new radio-active elements are difficult to distinguish one from another, and, in Professor Ramsay's opinion none are permanent.

### Excavations in Greece

WITH the return of spring five schools of research resume excavation work in Greece. The American school, under the direction of T. W. Hermance, will continue its excavations at Corinth. The northern and apparently the western limits of the agora at Corinth have been ascertained, and it is hoped that the southwestern corner will be reached before the end of the season. It is expected that this will result in the identification of some of the sanctuaries mentioned by Pausanias as the starting points of roads to Sicyon and the Acrocorinthus. The British school will resume excavations at Palaeocastro, Eastern Crete, where a rich series of Mycenaean vases and terracottas have been discovered. Trial excavations will be made at Lacouria. The first site will be the temple of Artemis at Kary. The French school will excavate more completely the Delos excavations of 1903, which have already revealed some interesting traces of the commercial activity of Roman republican times. The Germans will resume their researches on the island of Levkas, which Dörpfeld identifies as Homer's Ithaca. The Greek society will continue its important excavations of the temple of Hera in Samos, and also in the neighborhood of the Theseum at Athens, which may fix the boundaries of the agora in that direction. The Society has already undertaken repairs on the temple of the Apollo Phigaleia and the restoration of the Lion of Chaeroneia.

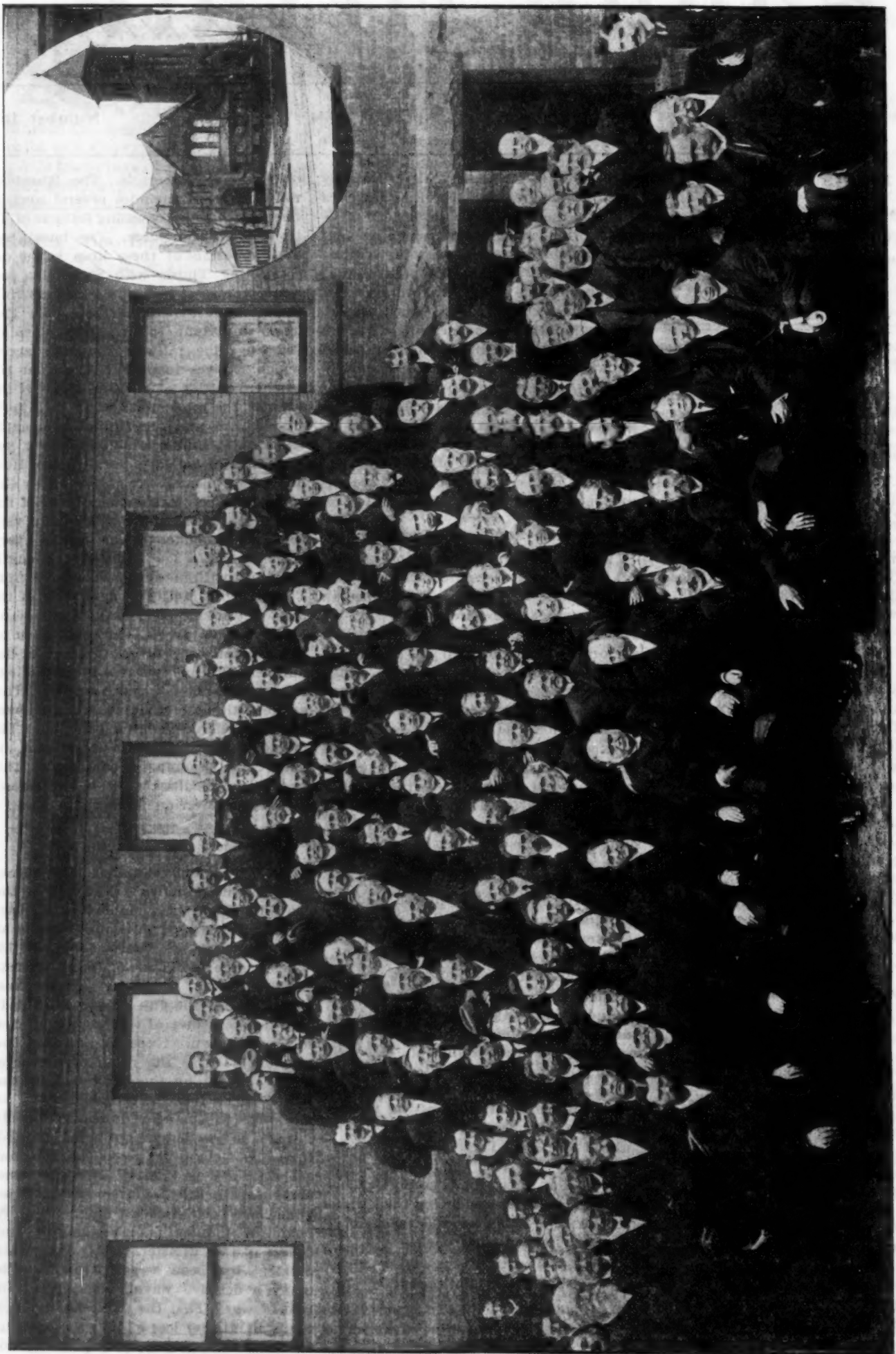
### New Swiss Railroads

IN the charming section of Switzerland known as the Engadine there have been completed, during the past few years, some very interesting pieces of narrow-gauge railway construction, involving remarkable engineering feats of direct and helical tunneling and bridge location, very completely described by M. F. Rey in a recent issue of the *Bulletin Technique*

*de la Suisse Romande*. The Rhaeticon railway system includes several roads of one metre gage possessing features of interest for the engineer. The latest and most important of these lines is the one connecting Thusis with St. Moritz, popularly known as the Albula railway from the fact that it traverses the Albula Pass by an important tunnel, and also called the Engadine railway from the access which it gives to that district from the northern portion of Switzerland. Of the tunnels the most notable is the Albula tunnel, three and a half miles in length, the longest tunnel which has ever yet been constructed for a narrow-gage line, and which pierces straight through the summit. The treacherous nature of the rock and the constant infiltration of very cold water rendered this boring very difficult, and for four-fifths of its length it is lined with masonry. The road from Thusis to St. Moritz opens up one of the most picturesque portions of Switzerland to convenient travel. The completion of the new railway will add greatly to the number of visitors to Davos Platz and St. Moritz, well-known health resorts. The greater altitude of the Albula tunnel over the St. Gothard (the latter being but 1,149 metres above the sea level) should be taken into account in considering the structural difficulties which have been so successfully overcome in its completion.

### Explosion on the "Missouri"

THE worst explosion that has occurred in the American Navy since the blowing up of the "Maine" took place on the battleship "Missouri" while at target practice off Pensacola, April 18, when a large gun in one of the turrets exploded, killing thirty-one officers and men. As all the gun crew were killed, the precise cause of the explosion can never be known. Experts think that the gun exploded as the result of a "blow back," caused by the wind driving the flames back from the muzzle of the gun and through the opened breach, thus igniting the powder charge being hoisted from the "handling room" just below the floor of the turret. The gun was being rapidly fired, but not so rapidly as guns have been fired on other ships. A board of inquiry is investigating the causes of the disaster. This deplorable accident has been as costly in life as is many a decisive naval engagement in time of war. That the explosion did not result in greater loss of life was due to the admirable coolness, promptitude and courage of Captain Cowles, who ordered the ammunition room flooded and personally led the rescue party. The "Missouri," which recently—subsequent to a disablement of its steering-gear—nearly sunk the "Illinois," has been doubly un-



NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE, WESLEY CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. -- 108TH ANNUAL SESSION, APRIL 6-12, 1904

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fortunate. Expressions of deep sympathy have been received from the British Admiralty and the diplomatic representatives of the Powers. President Roosevelt has made the first contribution to a relief fund for the benefit of the families of the lost sailors.

#### Large Freight Locomotives

TWO monster locomotives, the largest freight locomotives in the world, are now in process of construction at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, for use on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. It is confidently expected that this improved type of locomotive will prove the beginning of a new era in railroad freighting. The weight of each of these engines will be about 280,000 pounds and that of each tender about 200,000 pounds. The theory is that one gigantic locomotive, having the power of two engines of the average type, can be operated more cheaply than two small ones. The new style of machine is much longer and higher than the old styles. The distinguishing features are tandem cylinders and five pairs of immense driving wheels. It is estimated that if the first-class armored battleships, "Vermont," "Connecticut," "Kansas," and "Ohio," were placed upon wheels on a level track, they could all be pulled at one time across the continent by ten locomotives of this new type.

#### Origin of the Peace Congress

THE International Peace Congress, which is to meet in Boston next October, will be the second gathering of the Congress in America, the previous one having been held in connection with the Chicago Exposition in 1893. It is peculiarly fitting that the Congress should assemble in Boston, since it was in this city that the idea of the first Congress was broached. The suggestion came from Joseph Sturge, a well-known English philanthropist, who in 1841 made a visit to the United States. While Mr. Sturge was in Boston in that year a company of influential people working for peace welcomed him, and to this little gathering he commended his plan for a universal Peace Congress. The American Peace Society at once endorsed the idea, the English Peace Society adopted it, and the first International Peace Congress met in London in 1843. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," furnished the initiative to the next Congress, which was held in Brussels in 1848. Subsequent Peace Congresses have been held at Paris, Frankfurt, London, Rome, Berne, Chicago, Antwerp, Budapest, Hamburg, Glasgow, Monaco and Rouen.

#### Destruction of Water Hyacinths

THE rapid growth of the water hyacinth in Southern waters has seriously interfered with navigation, and has been especially troublesome on the St. John's River. The growth has been so thick at some of the smaller wharfs on the river that it has been found necessary to go out in boats and with sickle and knife cut away a large area. Lanes have been cut through the rank growths by a steamer equipped with a rapidly revolving

propeller provided with blades having very sharp edges. These methods, however, have given only partial and temporary results. Better results have been obtained with a chemical compound, of secret manufacture, but containing strong acids, which from spraying pipes placed on a boat driven by powerful engines can be distributed over a space ninety feet in width when the boat is moving. If the chemical comes in contact with a stem or blossom, that portion of the plant soon withers; but the solution is so strong that it works its way down the stem, killing the root as well. The ingredients of the compound are mixed at a high temperature, produced by steam, in a boiler carried on a barge which is towed behind the spraying boat. The destructiveness of the solution is so great that, according to the *Scientific American*, within a few hours after it is applied the withering process begins. The effect of the chemical is to rot the fibre and disintegrate it to such an extent that it no longer offers resistance to navigation. The solution kills the seed as well as the plant, and efforts are made to cover as much space during the seeding period as possible.

#### Russian Reverses

THE Russians have suffered sore naval losses this past week. The splendid battleship, "Petropavlovsk," retiring with the rest of the Russian squadron before a superior Japanese fleet toward the entrance to Port Arthur last Wednesday, suddenly blew up, turned over, and sank. Vice-Admiral Makaroff, who was holding a council of war in his cabin, and some 600 officers and men, went down with the ship. Grand Duke Cyril, who was on the bridge at the time of the explosion, had a marvelous escape. He was thrown violently against a stanchion, thence made his way to the lower deck, and finally, casting himself into the sea, clung to a piece of wreckage until he was rescued. The battleship "Pobieda" nearly met the fate of the "Petropavlovsk," receiving some damage through contact with a mine, but being able to make the harbor. The torpedo boat destroyer, "Stvashni," while trying to re-enter Port Arthur, was cut off and sunk by Japanese destroyers. Admiral Skrydloff, commander of the Black Sea fleet, has been selected to take command of the squadron at Port Arthur. The first reports concerning the loss of the "Petropavlovsk" attributed the disaster to contact with a mine laid by the Russians, which was supposed to have drifted out of position during the recent storms, but it is now claimed by Admiral Togo that the mine was laid by the Japanese at midnight on Tuesday. At eight the next morning the Russian ships were enticed fifteen miles from port, and the "Petropavlovsk" was sunk on returning. The importance of these Russian naval disasters can hardly be overestimated. Its immediate result is that the Russian Pacific squadron has ceased to exist as an effective sea-going force. Admiral Togo will now be able to dispense with half his squadron and allow it to return to Saseho, where the ships can be docked and the crews rested. The menace of the Baltic squadron is not now so keenly felt by

Japan. At the same time the Russians have repaired some of their ships at Port Arthur, and if Admiral Togo leaves too small a contingent to watch them, he may suffer severely from a sudden dash of the enemy. The harbor of Port Arthur is reported to be completely blocked, and the railroad is said to have been cut behind it. The Japanese are vigorously following up their initial advantages, and are closely pressing the Russians both by land and sea. The only serious Japanese loss recorded of late has been the cutting to pieces of a Japanese patrol at the Yalu. Frequent skirmishes have taken place between Sakju and Wiju. It is rumored that a Japanese attempt to land troops at a point to the westward of the Yalu River has been repulsed with great loss. The centre of the line of fortified Russian positions along the Yalu is Antung. The right flank rests on Tatung-Kao and the left on Kulien-Cheng, points ten miles apart. Port Arthur was shelled by the Japanese fleet for three hours on Friday morning. The damage to the Russian defences was not serious. Admiral Alexieff has taken command of the fleet at Port Arthur.

#### Population of China

WHILE Chinese census returns cannot be considered wholly reliable, it appears from the new census completed not long ago that the population of that curious land has been underestimated rather than overestimated. The total population is considered to be 426,447,000. No detailed count, however, was attempted of the inhabitants of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet or Turkestan. It appears from these estimates that more than one-fourth of the population of the world is contained within the Chinese Empire. Even the British Empire, with its vast possessions on every continent, has 30,000,000 less inhabitants than China.

#### Russian Artist Verestchagin Lost

THE famous Russian painter of war scenes, Vasil Verestchagin, who was the guest of Vice-Admiral Makaroff on board the "Petropavlovsk," lost his life in the wreck of that vessel off Port Arthur. Verestchagin was well-known in this country. He was born in 1842 in the "government" of Novgorod. In 1867 he went with Kauffmann on the Turcoman campaigns, and at Munich exhibited the first canvases depicting the scenes he witnessed. In 1874 he visited India, and three years later accompanied the Russian armies in the war with Turkey. Two years ago he came to the United States for the sole purpose of painting the "Battle of San Juan." Verestchagin, while a strong draughtsman and gifted with a remarkable imagination, was not a colorist. He was really a great illustrator rather than a painter. It is worthy of note that he believed thoroughly that he had a mission — to make by his brush the horrors of war so appalling to the people of the civilized world that they would be impelled to aid the movement for universal arbitration; and it seems remarkable that he himself should have succumbed to the very horrors he so vividly depicted and personally loathed.



## PAIN OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH

WHAT pain is involved in every advance which is made in the progress of humanity! Its greatest stride forward involved Calvary. At the cost of vigil men have watched the stars until they have beaten out the science of astronomy from the fine metal of devotion and sacrifice. Pain is woven into the whole fabric of our knowledge. It goes with every new stage of attainment in character.

The soul that is experiencing no suffering is probably out of the way of growth. Every new stretch of spiritual muscle involves aching fibre. The longer sweep of arm brings into tension muscles which have not endured the stress before, and must ache from the burden. To rebel at suffering is to show that we have not apprehended its meaning in the growth of the spirit. Since pain is a part of the process of attainment, it is best to welcome its ministry and rejoice in its presence. It is only childhood with the great future before it which experiences the "growing pains." So spiritual suffering is the prophecy of spiritual attainment. It is better to suffer the pain and know the joy of attainment than to be free from suffering and the "growing pains" of the soul.

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF UNBELIEF

WE have always felt surprise at the cool and confident assumption of many skeptical minds in controverting the claims of Christianity to the effect that a belief in Jesus Christ is attended with serious intellectual difficulties while the road to unbelief remains open and broad — a kind of macadamized avenue bordered with rose-gardens and stretching out invitingly under unflecked skies. This presumption that all is serene with religious doubt, while Christian beliefs are enwrapped in fog or swept with fierce storms of contradiction, is so very handy for the purposes of the skeptic that our suspicions are aroused as to its credibility. It wears the look of an artificial, made-to-order theory. Even supposing that the way of the Christian be hard, is the way of the unbeliever easy? Assuredly not. Unbelief has on its hands so many riddles, perplexities, contradictions and disorders, that we wonder sometimes that the unbeliever does not commit intellectual *havi-kari* and thus at once demit all responsibility for the framing of a skeptical apologetics.

Rev. Dr. George Jackson, of Edinburgh, in his fresh and helpful volume entitled, "The Table-Talk of Jesus," pursues this line of thought with cogency and convincing force. Taking his impulse from a notable sermon of Dr. Newman Smyth on "The Difficulty of Not Believing," Dr. Jackson writes pointedly of "The Difficulties of Unbelief." He asks by way of preface whether any one ever thought of publishing a series of "Helps to Unbelief." Yet unbelief has its dilemmas, so many that it hardly knows how to help itself. As between belief and unbelief the choice "does not lie between a thorny, tangled thicket on the one hand and a level greensward on the other. You may give up your religious

faith and flatter yourself that henceforth you will carry no more burdens heavy and grievous to be borne; but unless, at the same time, you are to renounce your intellect as well, you will find that instead of having got rid of your load, you have only exchanged it for another and heavier."

Dr. Jackson cites four typical problems with respect to which the difficulties of unbelief are greater than those of belief. The first of these is the resurrection of Jesus Christ. If belief in this resurrection be rejected, the dilemma increases, for if Christ did not rise from the dead, what did happen? What brought about the change in the disciples? What effected the change in the ancient world? The disciples, who scattered in dismay when their leader was crucified, rallied into a compact and aggressive body shortly afterward. What rallied them? "Between these two things — the scattering and the rallying," argues Mr. Jackson, "something there must have been — what was it? 'The resurrection of Christ from the dead,' says the believer. 'Nothing,' says the unbeliever, 'nothing save the baseless delusion of a few weak men and women.' So then the choice lies between the supernatural and the ridiculous; for my part, I prefer the supernatural."

A second difficulty which unbelief has to face is the belief of the first Christians concerning Christ. To condense a condensation by Professor Sanday, these beliefs embraced five points — the divinity of Jesus the Messiah, the incarnation of Jesus, His crucifixion and resurrection, the removal of guilt through His crucifixion, and the second coming of Christ as Judge of men. Among the early Christians there was no controversy regarding the divinity of Christ. Now this belief, says Dr. Jackson, is not to be explained by any theories concerning the growth of myths and legendary stories. Myths do not spring up like mushrooms — they need time; and in this case the time cannot be found, for the belief just referred to can be traced back to within a few years of the ascension. The only explanation, then, that really explains the facts is this — that Christ really is what the early Christians believed Him to be, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

But the difficulties of unbelief do not end with the first century. The same consensus of opinion regarding the divinity of Christ exists among Christians of all centuries. The Christian Church has never believed that Christ was "only man," or simply "one in a row." "Is this great testimony stretching in an unbroken line from the days of the Apostle Paul until now, one long repeated error?" asks Dr. Jackson. It is impossible to think so, and yet it is "to that very impossibility that unbelief is driven when it denies the divinity of the Founder of the Christian faith."

Another difficulty with which unbelief has to reckon is the testimony of Christ's own consciousness; for even if we could conceive it possible for unbelief to explain away the beliefs of others concerning Jesus, its heaviest task would yet remain — to explain Christ's belief concerning Himself. With a sublime assurance Christ made claims to supernatural origin and power, and taught that He would one day return to the world to be its

Judge. It is inconceivable that any good man (for such all admit Jesus to have been) should arrogate to himself such prerogatives. Here again unbelief falls into worse difficulties than confront belief.

The truth is, that the so-called difficulties which surround the believer are largely the difficulties of the believer, that is to say, they are conjured up out of the unhealthy or imperfect mental or moral processes of the thinker, or are due to an imperfect visualization of the facts of existence. The difficulties of unbelief, on the other hand, are inherent, inevitable, intolerable. There is no sense in them and no comfort from them. They harm everybody and help nobody. They supply none of life's momenta, but subtract alike from its hope and its vitality. In the category of the intellectual their symbol is the minus not the plus sign; in the realm of the practical they represent a destitution, not an institution, a void and not a virtue, a drag and not a stimulus.

Of course there are mysteries attending the Christian teaching. "There are still questions to be answered and problems to be solved," says Dr. Jackson. Yes, and there always will be. His conclusion is happy and timely: "But if we do not know everything, at least we know enough. Remember, we have only one life; we may waste it in idle speculating, but there will be no second for practice. After all, we are not saved by syllogisms. I never expect to argue a man into faith in Christ. Argument may roll away the stone from the grave — argument cannot bring the dead man back to life again." When, therefore, the preacher has spoken, let him stand aside and be still, that all may hear the voice of the Son of God and live!

## HOW SHALL WE PRONOUNCE?

SINCE everybody, except the dumb, is obliged to pronounce somehow most of the time, and since an alarmingly large part of the population in these modern days must be accounted to some degree public speakers, whose mode of pronunciation is a matter of general interest, the question raised above demands careful answer. Prof. Lounsbury, an expert, has done well to address himself to the subject. But if any one opens his book with the idea of finding there the standard of pronunciation in English, definitely set up, illustrated, and defended, he will be sorely disappointed. For the author's main contention is that there neither is nor can be any such standard. "Uniformity of pronunciation among the men of our race is an orthoepic dream which, as matters now stand, has the remotest possible chance of being realized." His main object in writing is to protest most vigorously against the monstrous claims put forth by particular persons who assume to dictate, and to check decisively the offensive criticising, by some, of those who dare to dissent. He advocates independence. Not, of course, on the part of

\* THE STANDARD OF PRONUNCIATION IN ENGLISH. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Yale University. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50, net.



the young, the immature, the ignorant, the uneducated, but on the part of those who have some right to an opinion, and whose united practice, so far as it is united, gives the law, so far as there is any law, to public speech. He is very positive that no one pronouncing dictionary can be regarded as the final standard of authority, nor can the concurrent voice of all of them put together be thus regarded. Indeed, there is no such concurrent voice, and constant changes are taking place. Nor is this inability to attain agreement of much moment. Educated men of our race can be understood by English-speaking, educated men everywhere.

The pronouncing dictionary is a comparatively modern invention. It did not exist a hundred and fifty years ago, and even a hundred years ago was but little regarded. Its claims now have grown to be excessive, the author thinks, and should be greatly modified. "The truth is, that the pronunciation of every dictionary expresses the preferences and prejudices of the particular person or persons who have been concerned in its compilation." It has, of course, some authority and value, but there is nothing final about it. In the multitude of dictionaries there is safety. One lexicographer can almost always be pitted against another, and so one's pet practices may be justified. There are no less than 2,000 words pronounced differently by different orthoepists. This arises chiefly from the utterly barbarous condition of our orthography, and its manifest unfitness to do the very work for which orthography is presumed to exist at all; and yet to its worst anomalies we cling with passionate devotion. There is a tendency to make the pronunciation conform to the spelling, and as the reading public has so enormously increased in these later years, this disposition aids the movement toward uniformity of pronunciation; but with such erratic, chaotic spelling as we have, it can readily be seen how impossible is a uniformity which depends at all on such a basis; no large number of words can be much affected by it.

"Pronunciation must and will vary widely among persons of equal intelligence and cultivation." Pronouncing dictionaries have done some good. Their influence is, on the whole, conducive to uniformity. They must be consulted, and against their agreement it is ordinarily unwise to contend. He must be a bad man, or one whose superiority of knowledge is universally conceded, that can venture to challenge the correctness of their combined verdict. Yet no dictionary ever recorded all the pronunciations which have been or are sanctioned by good usage. Maintain your rights, be free. Be also modest, careful about expressing positive opinions as to what cannot be done or allowed. And remember that on most of the mooted points one thoroughly educated man is as good an authority as another, and nobody in particular is any way supreme.

Progressive Christianity is the constant unfolding of the new in the old, or of the old that becomes new. "The new is older than the old." Bread is old, but the loaf is

new; trees are old, but the leaf is new; the senses are old, but your sensation is new. The Old Testament becomes a New Testament to every one who reads it in faith, and the New Testament becomes as time passes ever a Newer Testament. God is the same, but His mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening. The Christian believer needs to delight more and more in this daily renewal, this blessed reproductivity, of religious experience, as he enters increasingly into the joy of his Lord.

### American Machinery in Palestine

IT will be a surprise to most of our readers, and a matter of interest to all, to learn what a revolution seems likely to be wrought in staid and conservative Syria by the rapidly increasing introduction of agricultural machinery from America. According to a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* (who appears trustworthy), Indiana threshing machines, Chicago reapers, Ohio steam ploughs, wagons from South Bend, oil motor flour mills, from Pennsylvania, galvanized steel windmills, hydraulic rams, and a great variety of other machines, are continually entering Beirut and being taken to different parts of the country lying back of it. Apparently it is to the German, American and Hebrew colonists on the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon that the credit is due for the use of the first American farm machinery. They had been using it for several years before it attracted the attention of the Turkish millionaires owning big tracts of agricultural lands in the Holy Land. Haifa took twenty-six reaping machines from Chicago, then Galilee got eighty ploughs from Wisconsin. The big land-owners then awoke and placed their orders for the hugest American machines of various types. Of these Najib Sursock Bey is the largest land-owner of the empire, and his enthusiasm over his American possessions, as fine and as powerful as this country can produce, sure to wrest enormous wealth from his soil, knows no bounds. He is educated, intelligent and progressive, and threatens to convert the Holy Land into a sort of American agricultural exposition on a vast scale. When one of the largest American steam threshers ever built arrived in Damascus, the whole population turned out to see it.

The natives are, of course, infuriated at this revolutionizing of century-long customs, but Turkish soldiers hold them strictly in restraint, and will compel acceptance of the new order of things. The Sultan is behind the movement. He has acquired from its British owners the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway, which was opened twelve years ago, and is preparing to extend it eastward across the Jordan, to connect with the north and south line under construction from Damascus to Mecca. Turkish soldiers are building this, and also another, from Maita to Megrib, crossing the Jordan country in the neighborhood of Tiberias. The Sultan has granted the concession and is encouraging the project of Boston capitalists to build huge hotels at the hot springs near Tiberias and a fleet of excursion steamers on the lake. He is also negotiating for the purchase of the Beirut-Damascus Railway, now owned by French capitalists. His idea is revenue and power, by which to become more independent of the Christian nations which now press him so sorely at times. Here, as in China and Africa, the breath of a new life is coming in on the heels of the iron horse, and the shriek of the locomotive will prove an effectively ally to the voice of the missionary. It becomes ever clearer day by day that the world moves onward.

### PERSONALS

— Bishop Thoburn has arrived in this country in comfortable health.

— Bishop and Mrs. Joyce reached New York city on Wednesday, April 6, both in good health.

— Rev. Otis E. Thayer, of East Woodstock, Conn., and Rev. W. B. Heath, of Cochesett, Mass., were recently reappointed for the ninth year to their churches.

— Rev. Alexander F. Irvine, pastor of People's Church, New Haven, Conn., was elected an honorary member of the New Haven Trolley Men's Union on a recent morning at 3 o'clock — the only hour at which the 400 trolley men are off duty. He is the first clergyman in Connecticut to be admitted to a labor organization.

— The name of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon becomes more fragrant as the years roll on. There are now on foot in England several projects for honoring his memory, and perhaps the most interesting is the plan for buying the large and beautiful estate of Westwood and converting it into a home of rest for ministers and missionaries.

— Rev. Dr. George McClellan Fiske, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Providence, R. I., has been elected Bishop Coadjutor of the Springfield (Ill.) Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by a practically unanimous vote. He was the personal choice of Bishop Seymour, whose advancing age makes it impossible for him to discharge longer the duties of his office.

— The *Troy Times*, which pays an appreciative tribute to the genius of Rev. Bostwick Hawley, D. D., says in the issue of April 9: "Rev. Dr. Bostwick Hawley, of Saratoga Springs, who yesterday became a nonagenarian, was sent a telegram from the Troy Conference which read: 'Your Conference sends greetings on this ninetieth anniversary of your birth and invokes heavenly blessings on you.'"

— The many friends of William M. Flanders, of Newton Centre, are congratulating him upon his election as a delegate from the 12th Congressional District of this State to the National Republican convention which is to nominate the candidate for President. Mr. Flanders is prominently identified with our church in Newton Centre, and is a member of the Boston Wesleyan Association.

— S. H. Hadley, the indefatigable worker for the lost in the lower part of New York city, where he has been carrying on for years the work left by Jerry McAuley, was last week made an "elder" by the New York East Conference at its recent session. Dr. William North Rice, chairman of the board of examiners, advocated this step, even though Mr. Hadley had not read two of the books prescribed — Raymond's "Systematic Theology" and Hurst's "Short History of the Christian Church." Mr. Hadley is a unique man, full of the sacred fire and longing to save souls. He is perhaps as worthy to be called a minister and "Reverend" as Father Taylor was, of delightful memory.

— Rev. Herbert E. Foss, D. D., who at the close of his vacation last September, while pastor at Arch St. Church, Philadelphia, was taken ill with what was supposed to be a temporary functional derangement of the stomach and liver, but which proved to be an attack of nervous prostration, spent the fall in the Pennsylvania mountains and the winter in North Carolina, improving steadily, and at Conference time had so far recovered that his physicians were willing for him to take

light work, but not Arch Street, which had waited for him until almost Conference time before abandoning hope of his ability to go on with his work there, which had been greatly blessed and prospered. At the last moment Dr. Foss decided to rest for a few months longer, and is now at his favorite summer spot, Asbury Park, N. J., ready to supply as occasion may offer, and in the fall to fill any vacancy that may occur, either permanently or until the next session of the Philadelphia Conference.

— Prof. E. B. Van Vleck will represent Wesleyan University at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Michigan, next June.

— Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp, of Boston University, has just published a new book of nature studies, "Roof and Meadow," with illustrations by Mr. Bruce Horsfall. It is brought out by the Century Company, New York.

— We are happy to announce that we shall publish next week the first of a series of letters by Bishop Cranston, entitled "Methodism in Porto Rico," the result of his recent episcopal visit and supervision of our work on that island.

— Dr. S. W. Thomas, editor of the *Philadelphia Methodist*, writes: "The delegates-elect for Philadelphia Conference are: T. B. Neely, A. G. Kynett, I. G. Bickerton, J. G. Wilson, S. H. Hoover, S. A. Heilner, E. C. Griffiths. The reserves are: George Gaul, C. M. Boswell, Charles Roads. Your notice is incorrect, as you perceive. Knowing how careful you are to put everything in the right shape, I dare advise you of mistake."

— Mrs. Lucy Newcomb, widow of Rev. George Newcomb of this State, and mother of Mrs. L. J. Dearborn, wife of Rev. E. P. F. Dearborn, died at Elmhurst, N. Y., April 3, in her 91st year. The daughter writes: "Mother had been a faithful reader of ZION'S HERALD for very many years, and in her last illness asked me to save all her HERALDS for her, to read when she got well; but she never read them. My father took the HERALD from its first copy until he died in 1871; so I would like her death to appear in the paper of her choice. Mother had never removed her membership from Walnut St., Chelsea."

— Centre Church, Malden, was the scene of an interesting event on the evening of Tuesday, April 12, when Miss Clara Shute was united in marriage with Dr. Charles Marden Proctor. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. M. T. Shute and granddaughter of Mrs. James P. Magee. Mrs. Rev. W. W. Bowers, of Reading, was the matron of honor, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Charles R. Magee. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Reid Shannon, D. D., pastor of the church. A reception followed in the church parlor, and later the wedding party was entertained at the residence of the bride. The friends were lavish in their expression of good wishes by an abundance of beautiful gifts. After a short trip the couple will reside at the Chamberlin, Malden.

— A Pasadena (Cal.) contemporary of recent date contained the following announcement, which will be of interest to many of our readers: "With the coming of spring come the announcements of engagements, and there is none in which more Pasadena people will be interested than that of Miss Katherine Belle Bragdon, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon of East Colorado Street and Madison Avenue, to Mr. Hiram W. Barlow, of Philadelphia. During the years in which the Bragdons have made their home in Pasadena, Miss Bragdon has won great popularity among all who have known her by the charm and winsomeness of her personality. Mr. Barlow formerly resided in Pasadena during the winter, and he, too, was fortunate in winning many friends who will offer their sincerest congratulations."

— Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of the New Old South Church, this city, and Rev. Dillon Bronson, of St. Mark's Church, Brookline, exchanged pulpits last Sunday evening.

— No man who had the privilege of even a casual acquaintance with Prof. Egbert Smyth, of Andover Seminary, who died last week, could fail to recognize that he was a man of unusual abilities and of the finest type of Christian character. Strong, independent, even strenuous in the convictions which he had conscientiously reached, he was tender and gentle as a child, and wholly unpretentious and inoffensive in his personal relations with others. He was one of the sweetest and noblest of Christian disciples whom we have ever known. His second probation tenet never commended itself to our judgment, but that was only a small segment of the thought of this really remarkable but much misunderstood man.

### BRIEFLETS

One of our able preachers happens to be available for a supply for two months when needed. The editor will answer any inquiries which this announcement may suggest.

The original warrant for the arrest and imprisonment of John Bunyan in Bedford Gaol has, it is said, been discovered, and is to be sold at auction in London.

President W. E. Huntington, of Boston University, will deliver the address before the graduating class at Wilbraham Academy in June. Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Blake, of Boston, will preach the annual sermon before the alumni.

The New York State Republican Convention last week adopted a platform containing, among other statements, this clause: "We reaffirm our belief that the greatest national issue is the maintenance of prosperity." This may be looked upon perhaps as a bit of political rhetoric. Any sane man, however, knows that the "greatest national issue" is (or ought to be) a moral, not a material, interest—not, how to get gold, but how to be good.

A cablegram received last week from Mr. Hartshorn states that the delegation of the World's Sunday-school Convention had reached Jerusalem, with everybody well and happy, and accommodations ample.

A lady was asked whether her Chinese cook, Jee Lee, was a true Christian. She replied, "If he is not, I know of no other." In every community are found some superlatively noble characters, with regard to whom the common verdict is, "If they are not Christians, we do not know what Christianity is or can be." Such radiantly beautiful lives are the best of all evidences of Christianity.

A lieutenant of the United States Navy was reported to have said, some years ago, that he had yet to see the first Christian Chinese. Since that time many thousands of Chinese Christians have given their lives as martyrs in the Boxer rebellion. It is worth while to make a Chinese con-

vert. All the world knows that now. And yet the money spent in converting a Chinaman is *less than half* of that which the average church spends in converting an American!

We renew the suggestion, made some time ago to the churches, that they do a generous act and raise money to send their preachers to Los Angeles. With the fare so low from New England—\$70 in round numbers—a little prompt generosity on the part of a few people would make it possible for many of our ministers to enjoy a privilege which would be the event of a life-time.

A curiously confident view in Biblical criticism was recently propounded by the Vicar of Salcombe in England, who declared, in all seriousness: "There can be only one way of interpreting the Bible, and that is the way in which it is interpreted in the Church of England." Some people's notions of authority are characteristically peculiar and presumptuous.

The cabled reports that the German Kaiser is suffering from a very serious trouble in his throat seem to be discredited by the fact that, according to the steward of the ship on which he made his trip to the Mediterranean, the Kaiser conducted a service one Sabbath morning for an hour and a half, occupying most of that time in preaching. His voice is said to have carried a whole ship's length. Emperor William is a strenuous man, in religion as in everything else he does.

Last week Thursday the editorial rooms were sweetened by the arrival of a box of delicious maple sugar, such as only Vermont can produce. It was the gift of our old-time and highly-appreciated friend, ex Gov. C. S. Page, of Hyde Park, Vt., and fully justified his statement: "It is a genuine product of Vermont, pure and unadulterated."

It is said that the wholly needless trial of Dr. B. P. Bowne for heresy will probably lead to specific legislation at Los Angeles on the subject of charges against a minister, in which it will require the indorsement of at least three persons entitled to make a charge, and that charges of heresy shall not be given to the public in advance of the official hearing; also that a violation of this rule shall be constituted a disciplinary offence.

Holman Hunt, in his old age, has painted another picture with a somewhat different version of the idea embodied in his original picture of the "Light of the World." Charles Booth, the eminent statistician and philanthropist, has purchased the picture, and is planning to send it about the British Empire as a kind of perambulating sermon.

Some wag has observed that Lord Rosebery never made a speech without being compelled to deliver two speeches more, in one of which he felt pressed to explain that he had not said what he meant, and in the other that he had not meant what he said. *Clearness and conviction*—these are the two criteria of all really successful and worthy speaking, either on or off the hustings.

Rev. Allan MacRossie, of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, is giving a series of addresses to the young men of Harlem, connected with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, on "Backbone." An important subject that is, surely, and it takes a



Scotchman (for such we infer Mr. Mac-Rossie is) to treat it with a sufficient enthusiasm born of adequate personal experience and exemplification of the quality referred to. The religion of Scotland, whatever its narrow limitations in some directions, has been vertebrate from the beginning.

Mr. Wilbur M. Waite, the Springfield photographer, who took the photograph of the New England Conference which appears in this issue, showed not only skill in the work, but unusual speed. Within two hours of the exposure a finished picture was on exhibition at the Conference.

As the HERALD goes to press this week a day earlier than usual on account of the holiday, we are, of course, unable to present a report of the Boston Methodist Social Union, in this issue.

Chancellor Day, preaching on Conference Sunday in Calvary Church, New York City, on "Education," uttered these trenchant sentences: "I would send a son of mine to college if he was going to drive a humble mule through the streets behind a coal cart, because I would want to have as much distance as possible between my son and that mule. The bare chance that there may be one great inventor in a whole century pays the bill of every university, every college, and every seminary from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Northern snows to the Southern palms."

The People's Bible Institute, which holds its sessions for the study of the International Sunday-school Lessons every Saturday afternoon in the Methodist Book Concern building, will be taught during the next few weeks by laymen of long experience in Sunday-school work, including James R. Joy, W. L. Downs, and G. W. C. Ryers, all superintendents. The Institute is doing a good work, of the "normal" type of instruction, and Dr. Neely and others take great interest in promoting it.

Prof. M. S. Terry, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, has done the church at large an important service by putting into a small pamphlet his recent deliverances upon "Methodism and Biblical Criticism" and "No Dogma of Biblical Inspiration in Methodist Standards." We wish every minister and thoughtful layman would secure this tractate and thus learn what our unspeakably valuable Methodist inheritance really is. It can be secured of Jennings & Pye, 57 Washington St., Chicago, for five cents.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* thus calls attention to a fact of much significance: "Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley was chosen counsel for the defence by Prof. Borden P. Bowne in the trial for heresy at New York East Conference. Dr. Buckley is a conservative in doctrine as well as church polity, and if he concluded that Prof. Bowne's position was admissible, it was not probable that many in the Conference would be found to condemn it."

In the New England Southern Conference, since the removal of the time limit, eleven pastoral terms have continued beyond the fifth consecutive year. Counting the year just begun for the seven appointments now in effect, there are in all six six-year pastors, one seven, two eight, and two nine. Two of the charges are numerically and financially very weak and supplied by local preachers. Of the others, the largest membership is 260 and the average 231. The salaries of four range from \$1,100 to \$1,500, and of five from \$800 to \$800. The longest terms are in the smaller places.

## ACQUITTAL OF PROF. BOWNE

From the *Christian Advocate*, April 14.

THE time consumed in the trial was sixteen hours, two sessions each being held on two successive days. The stenographic report would make a book of two hundred and forty pages.

After prayer the proceedings were as follows: By consent of counsel the doctrinal standards of Methodism were acknowledged to be, the Articles of Religion, fifty-three sermons of John Wesley, and Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament." The complainant appeared first as a witness. He read the first specification and all the quotations which he had adduced to support it. He was then allowed to comment sufficiently to explain why he thought that these quotations proved the specification true. He was questioned by his own counsel and afterward by that of the defendant, and also by members of the committee. When his examination was finished Dr. Bowne testified as a witness, explaining his meaning in the passages which had been brought forward, and was examined by his own counsel, by the complainant and his counsel, and also by the members of the committee. A similar course was taken under each specification.

Three hours were consumed in general discussion of points of procedure, and ten hours in this examination. While the witnesses were testifying much time was necessarily consumed by references to and readings from the works of Professor Bowne, either to fortify the specifications, to disprove the meanings attached to them by the complainant, or to demonstrate from other parts of the works quoted that those quotations, disconnected from the rest of the matter discussing the same subject, did not properly represent the spirit and teachings of the defendant.

The evidence being all in, the committee allowed each side two hours for the summing up. Under this privilege the complainant addressed the committee for an hour and a half; the counsel for the defendant three-quarters of an hour; the complainant then spoke about twenty-five minutes, and one of the counsel for the complainant explained that their work had been to see that the complainant had his rights, and to advise him upon such matters as it might be expedient for him to take counsel upon; but that such was the nature of the case that the discussion of the evidence as well as the preparation therefor necessarily devolved upon the complainant. As the law of the church forbids the delivery of a charge to the court by the presiding officer, the counsel, defendant, and complainant retired. The Select Number then took up each specification, and after such consideration upon it as was deemed necessary, recorded its solemn and unanimous conviction that it was not sustained. Finally, according to the custom, a formal vote was taken that the charges were not sustained.

The Select Number acquitted Professor Bowne on the following grounds, among others: That some of the passages are entirely in harmony with the writings of John Wesley, and the doctrine in them definitely approved by him. They acted upon the principle that no man can be held to inferences which may seem to others to be warranted by what he has said when he explicitly denies that such inferences are legitimately drawn from anything that he has said, and claims to hold opposite views from those which the inferences would imply. They also held that every minister, while bound to adhere to the essential

doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has a certain degree of liberty in interpretation, illustration, exposition, method, and defence. After a careful consideration of every passage quoted, and of the books containing the said passages, so far as adduced by the complainant or the counsel of either side, the Select Number decided that Dr. Bowne was not proved to have transcended that degree of liberty which Wesley claimed for himself and which he allowed to his preachers. In the examination of Professor Bowne he was asked this question: "Do you believe that the ideas of God the Father, His Son our Saviour and Lord, the inspiring and sanctifying Spirit, the forgiveness of sins, the kingdom of God upon earth, and the life everlasting, have come with abiding power and definiteness and fullness into the world's thought and life only along the line of God's revelation of Himself through the prophets and through His Son?" He answered, "All these I steadfastly believe." He was asked whether he believed if one were comparing "Christianity with the outlying religions, he could but feel 'its measureless superiority,' and whether it would be felt equally on 'comparing it with the revelation of nature?'" He answered that he did. He was asked whether "science and philosophy" have "words of eternal life to give to the world?" He answered, "No." Also, how he thought "a knowledge of God's gracious purpose toward men is to be found?" He answered, "Only by consulting His Word and works." And whether "the Scriptures were written by men who were moved and enlightened by the Holy Spirit?" He answered that they were.

These words quoted to which he gave answers were taken from his own book on "The Christian Revelation." In the course of the testimony he declared himself to be a "Trinitarian of the Trinitarians; neither a Tri-theist nor a Sabellian," and specifically affirmed that he knew nothing to justify him in offering hope beyond the grave to any person instructed in the Gospel of Christ who rejects it and departs out of this life unrenewed.

In the Select Number every shade of view within the pale of general conformity to the evangelical theology was represented. Age and youth were both there; but the majority were in middle life. Some were lifelong pastors; some would be classed with moderate "higher critics;" some "hold more closely to the form of sound words" as received from the founder of Methodism.

Only a majority is necessary to convict or acquit in a church trial. The unanimity in this verdict does not show that a conviction for heresy cannot be had in these days; but that on the evidence adduced, and especially upon the quotations from Dr. Bowne's works in rebuttal and his own testimony, the Select Number were absolutely convinced that he is radically sound in the faith concerning Christ and Him crucified, in the inspiration of holy men who wrote the Scriptures, and that the Bible contains the only revelation imparting special information concerning God in Christ.

Had the testimony shown that Dr. Bowne believes and teaches Christ to be less than God; that His sufferings were only those of a martyr; that all men will finally be saved; or that beyond this life men who have deliberately rejected the Gospel find another probation, the Select Number, composed as it was, would have convicted him on the spot, and his counsel would have forsaken him.

It is settled, however, that liberty—not license—is the heritage of Methodism.

### " INASMUCH "

We cannot see Thy face, Lord!  
We cannot touch Thy hand;  
The mystery of Thy being  
We do not understand;  
Yet beside us daily  
Needy ones there be;  
In succoring the helpless  
We are helping Thee.

Thou art Prince of princes;  
Thou art Lord of all;  
Angels haste through heaven  
Obedient to Thy call.  
With Thy sighing children  
Must our errands be;  
In serving Thy neglected  
We are serving Thee.

Languishing in prison,  
Famishing for bread,  
Sicknesses enduring,  
Mourning for the dead,  
Of the world forsaken,  
Thy brethren we see;  
In keeping watch with sorrow  
We minister to Thee.

— Mary Frances Butts.

### MILAN'S CHOICEST SHRINE

WILLIAM F. WARREN, D. D., LL.D.

WHO can blame the northern barbarians for invading Italy? I have myself followed their example four times, and my conscience is still void of offence. To one who has been blanketed in the sunless fogs of northern Europe through wintry months, what a revelation are the sunny skies and blithe bird-songs of the trans-Alpine peninsula! Through the tall white portals of St. Gotthard our little party has just passed from the world of winter to an almost summer-land. Yesterday, high above the world in the genial sunshine, we for an hour or two worshiped and gave thanks amid the three thousand marble saints upon the white roof and pinnacles of Milan's matchless cathedral. Where else and how else could we so fitly have celebrated our rediscovery of the azure heavens?

As it happened, all the city seemed in festal attire. The national colors floated from innumerable flag-staffs and draped no end of balconies. In the thronged streets and public places thousands were manifestly visitors from the country round about. To the question what it all meant an old man on the roof of the Duomo answered that it was "the fest-day of San Giuseppe." Later, in one of the city papers, I found the less sacred but perhaps more adequate explanation. It seems that it was the first of "the five days" that are annually celebrated, as we celebrate our Fourth of July, in memory of the achievement of national freedom and national independence. One of the beautiful monuments of the city is styled the "Monument of the Five Days." We were glad to be in time to have some part in the worthy patriotic celebration.

Since the foregoing was written a pleasant Sunday has come and gone. As for myself I had non-episcopal supervision of three of the churches of the city. Of these the first was the one originally planted here by our own American Methodist missionaries. I had not seen it since 1887; but as it had now not only maintained itself, but also planted in a distant

part of the city another, "*La Seconda Chiesa Metodista Episcopale*," I readily, and without ceremony, gave it my blessing. Of this second I did not learn until the morning service was quite over. Then, as the second service of the day, according to the official announcement, was not to be held until "half past twenty of the clock," the very hour of one of the most important of my engagements for the day, I also sent it my blessing after the manner of those who telepathically practice the so-called absent treatment. Next Sunday I may do better.

The third of the churches with which I particularly occupied myself was older than either of the two just mentioned. In fact, it was here on its present site a thousand years before Columbus discovered America. Yesterday was not the first time that with uncovered head and quickened spirit I had stood within its sacred precincts. It is the basilica in which a long line of kings and emperors, including even Napoleon Bonaparte, have held their coronation service and assumed "the Iron Crown of Lombardy." Until the days of Friedrich Barbarossa it was the custodian of that "Iron Crown"—so named because within its golden circle it has an iron lining, made, as is affirmed, from one of the nails of Calvary's cross brought from Palestine by Empress Helena at the time of her discovery of the true Cross.

In one part or another of this vast pewless church services of some kind were in progress nearly every hour. We were in time for the most interesting a little before noon. A procession was formed by contingents coming from the side chapels adjacent to the right aisle. Each participant bore at least a huge burning taper, some bore banners, some lofty silver or golden lamps, or other effective emblems. Two by two they came down the centre of the nave, close past the chairs we were occupying, first one hundred women with their tapers and banners, then twenty odd priests in robes appropriate to their respective ranks and stations, then about a score of choir boys, and last of all a body of the men of the congregation. The two priests who were officiating as celebrants bore reverently, and in worshipful attitude, a monstrance containing the wafer that a few minutes before, in their belief, had been divinely transformed into the veritable body and blood of our Lord. Over these there was a moving canopy borne upon six lofty staves. On reaching the end of the nave the column turned to the left, moving up the right colonnade, across the edifice in front of the high altar, down the left colonnade, then up the central nave, disbanding at length where it began. The procession was longer than the church, and the serpentine movement of so much light and color in harmonious measure through the wide spaces of the edifice made a picture not soon to be forgotten. As soon as it was over a father appeared in the pulpit, and a great throng, nineteen-twentieths of whom were women, brought forward their little hired chairs and grouped themselves with us into an audience. It was the Church of St. Ambrose. Here he preached, catechised, baptized his converts, and yonder in the crypt just below that high altar, in

a silver reliquary, rest his bones. Of course I was intent to hear the message of his successor after more than fifteen centuries. Eloquent the successor certainly was, and of far more manly look than any of the priests I had noticed in the procession. As soon as the people got quiet I found that the preacher had announced a most interesting theme, namely, "The Priest;" more particularly, "The Priest of the Roman Catholic Church."

Beginning with our Lord's appointment of the twelve apostles he referred with great enthusiasm to the fact that, from that day to this, the Church, even in ages of martyrdom, in ages of barbaric inundation, in ages of triumphant unbelief, has never lacked a devoted priesthood to minister at her altars. In this he found a supreme proof of the divinity of the Christian religion. To heighten the force of it he dwelt at length and in most eloquent terms upon the initial and progressive renunciations of the calling. The surrender of every prospect of a family, a home filled with loving children of his own, was powerfully painted and set off by the contrast of the young physician and lawyer. The wearing labors of the priest were dwelt upon, not only those of the day, but also those of the night, when called upon to minister at the bed of the dying. The thanklessness of the people served was not forgotten, nor the contempt and abuse to be expected from the world at large. At last, however, he came to describe the happy issue at the end, the reception awaiting him at the hand of his Lord, the crown which the righteous Judge would give him in that day. Hardly one of those many assembled mothers of boys around me can have failed to covet for the best beloved of their sons the virtues and the victories of the priestly life.

Further on he spoke of the education of the priest, drawing an altogether ideal picture. The work of the theological seminary was explained with considerable detail. Its importance was made clear to the humblest capacity. That this might not be fruitless, he paused between his "secondly" and "lastly" to allow a collection for the seminary to be taken. This was so Methodist and sensible that I felt entirely at home and cheerfully made a partial return to the long dead trainers of this faithful and able pleader. Then came a peroration worthy of all that had gone before. It would have done many a Methodist congregation good could they have been reverent listeners.

Reading over the foregoing, I see that I have not yet mentioned the real motive which took me yesterday morning to the Church of St. Ambrose. It was not that I might refresh my memory of the ancient inscriptions and sculptures built into its great vestibular atrium, open to the sky. It was not that I might seek out under the limetrees the ancient pillar at which the Lombard kings and German emperors took the coronation-oath before their crowning. It was not that I might see where Emperor Theodosius, coming to worship with hands still red with the blood of massacred men and women of Thessalonica, found the doors of this basilica resolutely barred to his admission until he should show suitable



proofs of a repentant mind. The real reason of my going was that once more I might stand upon the sacred spot where the greatest of the converts of Ambrose, on a certain day, publicly renounced the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world he knew only too well, and on profession of saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. His conversion was as sudden, as radical, as Methodist as St. Paul's, and in even far-reaching effects the two are comparable. Fifteen hundred years after, in the city of Rome, in the church dedicated to his memory, on the anniversary of the very day of that momentous baptism, it was years ago my privilege to unite with thousands of others in celebrating the event. Close beside me where I sat was the casket that contained all that was mortal of that convert's prayerful mother. I could lay my hand upon it. How easily I shared the unspeakable joy of that mother in the public proof of the fulfillment of her year-long prayers! How easily I shared in the exultant thanksgivings of Ambrose over this divine victory! When I add that that mother was the immortal Monica, and that convert the man whom history knows as Saint Augustine, I have fully explained my choice of sanctuaries among all the shrines of Milan.

Milan, Italy

## UTTERMOST LOVE

THOMAS F. LOCKYER.

EVENING is come. It is the time when hearts draw closer, and love is tenderer. In hundreds of homes are gathered together kinsfolk and friends for a sacred festival. And "He cometh with the Twelve." They are His chosen friends; they are His family. For to them He has been more than brother. Silently but surely has He been casting round them the impalpable bands of love, until they are willing captives of a friendship that has transfigured all their life. He knows—but they know not—that this is the last eventide. How His heart goes out to them, these men who lean on Him, who cling to Him! "Having loved His own, He loved them—unto the end?" Yes, but not as meaning till all was ended. Rather, until all love had found its destined end, its true goal, its fulfillment; that is (see R. V., marg.).

### "To the Uttermost."

What an unveiling shall there be, in these last hours, of uttermost love! We think we love; but, alas! how soon is our uttermost reached, in comparison with the uttermost of love itself—the uttermost towards which our love would press on, were it not hindered by our limitations, hampered by our imperfections. In Him there are no limits of frail nature interposed; in Him there are no imperfect sympathies.

"Having loved—He loved to the uttermost."

This, then, is the one great, outstanding truth of Passion-tide. Is it too great for our faith? Does the commonness of our loving shrink from the eager flame? Are there, perhaps, some darkensses of our

life that will not bear its searching radiance? Yet do not these hungry hearts of ours yearn for just such uttermost love? Let us, then, take the assurance. Having loved; ah! yes, we know that He has loved us, for we remember so well the first look, the first call, when He read our secret soul, when He spoke our name. He loved us; we believed it; and all things were made new. The world has often drawn us down into its own sordidness; but it has not done its worst. This has been the victory that has overcome the world, even our faith in His living love. Of Him, then, it cannot be true that He loved once—as if that were all. True love has no mutations of past, present, and future. It belongs to the realm of those realities that overspread the changes of the temporal with their eternal constancy. Love, like its Lord, can say, "I am that I am." Therefore, having loved, He loves; and, loving, He loves to the uttermost. Dare we believe it? Dare we take hold of it? Then what an omnipotence of grace has entered into the midst of our life's feebleness; what an infinitude of tenderest blessing has come to satisfy our craving hearts; what overflowing glory lights up life's darkest way!

Uttermost Love: As revealing itself first of all, and of choice, in

### Life's Homeliness.

For this is the immediate sequence of the narrative. He loved them to the uttermost. . . . and sat down with the Twelve at meat. It was a sacramental feast? Yes, but He wrought out a sacrament at a common table, at a common meal. Nor, while we give special heed, at times, to the more deliberately ordered sacrament of love, may we, therefore, allow ourselves to lose the sacramental benediction which His uttermost love would throw over all our homeliest partakings of life's necessary food. "This is My body; this is My blood;" there is a sense in which these words are literally true, though not as they are taken literally by those who artificialize the whole transaction, and by their suggestion of impossible transformations remove the incident to some far-away fableland. The bread of our common sustenance—this had been the actual fabric of His body; the cup of our refreshment—this, likewise, had entered into His very life-blood. Very real was His human nature, built up as ours is built, framed of the common elements of the world, and therefore so closely akin to our own, and the closest just where our life is the homeliest. "The Word became flesh, and dwelt as in a tent among us"—the tent, in which He and we are comrades, being this very nature of our fleshhood; and in that tent-life, and at the table in the tent, He still joins us in holiest partnership of love.

Uttermost Love: As revealing itself also in

### Life's Kindling Inspirations.

"Jeus saith"—O wondrous speaking! those words that made the air of that upper room to vibrate with a music which has power to charm all troubled hearts to peace, and then to thrill the quieted soul into a fullness of joy, which scorns the defiances of earth, and is itself the pledge of the guerdons of heaven. No

colonnades of sanctuaries wrought in stone, no delicate tracery of artistic skill, can rival the massy strength, the tremulous tendernesses, of this temple not made with hands, the blended truth and grace of this parting bequeathment of words that are spirit, that are life. "I am the Truth," He says; and He pours about us this baptism of truth. "I am the Life;" and He anoints us as with living fire.

"Then thro' the mid complaint of my confession,

Then through the pang and passion of my prayer,

Leaps with a start the shock of His possession,

Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there.

"Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest Cannot confound or doubt Him, or deny;

Yea, with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,

Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

Uttermost Love: It has its close intermingling of being and comradeship; it has its interfusing of love with love, of life with life; it has also its silences, its sorrowfulness, its suffering—and all to the uttermost. For uttermost love, in a world of uttermost sin, meant

### Uttermost Tragedy.

It can mean nothing other, nothing less, than dying, than the cross. His speech lapsed into silence; there were things He could not utter: "I have trodden the winepress alone." His silence deepened into sorrows that wrapped themselves round the bases of the soul, and then came surging up in whelming floods, until all God's waves and God's billows went over Him. And His sorrows—deep, desolating sorrows of a soul that was held as in the clenching grasp of the world's sin—went sharpening out at last into the bodily sufferings that have traced Good Friday upon the pages of the world's history in lineaments of tears and blood forever.

"Life, struck sharp on death,  
Makes awful lightning."

And never were life and death so struck together—so sharply, so remorselessly—as on Calvary. But this, man's worst, was love's best—love's uttermost.

"So through the thunder comes a human Voice,

Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here!

And thou must love Me, who have died for thee."

Said one, the nearest to His heart in living, the closest to His wounded feet as He hung dying: "We love, because He loved." And, as he traced once more, in thought, the history of that uttermost love, he said—and shall we not join him in the devout response?—"Herein is our love made perfect;" or, in the literal meaning of that same great word, "wrought out to the uttermost."—*Methodist Recorder* (London).

—Dr. Theodore T. Munger, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "The broadest line of cleavage in doctrinal belief in the Protestant Churches in this country is that between Calvinism and Arminianism. Edwards devoted his great powers to stem-

ming the growing tide of the latter, but in vain. He is honored by scholars and historians for his greatness and his service to the State, as the centuries come round, but the multitude is insensible to him while it pours out millions of money in memory of Wesley." Wesley's gift of Methodism to America, says Dr. Munger, was a possession worth all liturgies.

### ITINERATING IN CHINA

REV. J. H. WORLEY, PH. D.

I AM just home from an extensive tour of Mingchiang District, which will be remembered as Dr. Sites' last field of labor, where his name is a household word among all classes, heathen as well as Christian. Perhaps none of our missionaries so completely become all things to all men that they might save some, as did Dr. Sites. While his aim was always to reach the heart and bring it into obedience to Christ, he was careful not to block the way, by a too abrupt presentation of the Gospel. He would sit on the street or in the stores, or enter the humblest homes and drink tea or eat a bowl of rice and chat about ordinary affairs till he had disarmed prejudice and gained confidence, and then preach Christ.

Recently I spent the night in a small mountain village where we have nearly fifty members and probationers and a prosperous day school. Nearly a hundred attended the services that night, and I never preached to a more attentive audience; the heathen as well as the Christians eager to catch every word. They told me Dr. Sites visited their village only twice, the first time saying very little about the doctrine. Upon his second visit, however, he preached Christ and several were interested, and from that time regularly attended preaching at a village some miles away. This tells the history of the origin of much of our work in Mingchiang.

At another village where I spent the night and preached, about a hundred attended the service. More than half the audience were heathen, and some who had worked hard all day stood during the entire service, which lasted over two hours. Two Chinese preachers and I spoke, one of the native brethren speaking twice. Several times when a speaker had finished, and before another arose to speak, there were cries of, "Go on and tell us more!" And this request was made at the close of the last address. Even after the benediction they were loth to depart. So it was everywhere I went—the people were really hungry for the bread of life. We never saw it on this wise in former years. Truly, the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of the people.

Our difficulty now is not to gain the attention of the people to the proclamation of the truth, but to know how to provide places of worship and to secure heralds to carry the message. Most of our preaching places are rented houses which in many cases serve very well for chapel and parsonage. The members are very poor, and without aid are unable to build chapels or purchase native houses for church purposes; hence the necessity for renting. It usually happens that none of the members can furnish us a house, so we have to rent of the heathen. They are very superstitious and will not allow a death or birth in the houses we rent. They think every child born to the tenant means that one less child will be born to the landlord, and every death in the family of the tenant means a death in the family of the landlord; so when a child is to be born, or there is serious illness in the families of our preachers, they must move out. One of our young preachers was taken ill, and

when the case became serious he was dragged out by the landlord and died out doors. After much difficulty a burial place was secured, and the sorrowing widow hurried home, riding two days in a sedan chair, and a few hours after reaching home her child was born.

We are building or purchasing native houses for chapels and parsonages as fast as we can, but it is very slow work, as the members are so poor. A farmer or laboring man earns only about \$25 or \$30 a year, and most of our members belong to these classes. With very little aid they could provide their own chapels on all the circuits and greatly accelerate the work through all this region.

I shall be glad to correspond with persons who desire to come into closer touch with mission work and workers and become familiar with our difficulties and triumphs.

Foochow, China.

### TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE

REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

NOT every person is willing to do even that much—take care of Number One. Of course, I mean the right kind of care. The more you think of it, the stranger it will seem that there are many people in the world who are morally so incapable that you and I must worry more over them than we do over ourselves.

Now, every person of sound body and sound mind ought to take care of himself, even if he cannot do any more. In the first place, he should have sufficient energy, thrift, and foresight to make a livelihood for himself, so that he need not be dependent on the toil of others. In a world like this, where there is so much to do, where there is such a variety of employments, it is a pretty sure evidence of incompetency or laziness if a grown person cannot make a living at least for himself.

The same truth holds in the spiritual realm. Here every person ought to be able at least to bear his own burden, to work out his own salvation, with the help of God's grace. Yet how many people there are who do not do even so little as that, to say nothing of being a blessing to others. Here, for example, is a young man who ought to be true and strong and brave for the right; yet his old mother must spend days and nights in anxious solicitude for his moral well-being. Ought he not really to blush for that? He who should be her comfort, her pride, her support, who should make her descending pathway smooth and bright, does not even take care of himself!

When a young man, the writer noticed that his mother was anxious about his spiritual condition. It filled his heart with humiliation and shame, and he resolved that, by God's grace, he would no longer be a spiritual burden to his mother or any one else; that no person should have cause to worry over his salvation; that he would endeavor to have enough manliness to accomplish that much for himself.

In the church every individual should be able to take care of Number One. How often the pastor is compelled to worry over some of his people! He must constantly keep his eye upon them lest

they go astray. He must call on them at frequent intervals to keep them from feeling slighted and neglected and deserting the church. They are also a source of worry, sometimes of despair, to the faithful members of the congregation. Thus they not only do not take care of themselves, they are also a burden to others, parasites living on the honest thought and nervous anxiety of those around them. Is it not a sad fact that many people in the world are kept busy in the effort to prevent the rest from rushing to their own ruin? This ought not to be. On the contrary, every person should be extremely anxious to secure his own highest welfare.

The old Bible, which is so clear on all ethical and spiritual matters, throws a calcium light on this question of personal responsibility. It declares that the father shall not be punished for the sins of the son, nor the reverse, but "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." While the apostle bids all of us as a matter of charity to "bear one another's burdens," he adds, only a few verses afterwards, "Every man shall bear his own burden," proving that the burden of personal responsibility cannot be shifted to the shoulders of others. Nor is that all; the same apostle makes this declaration, which sounds almost like a manifesto of state: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself unto God."

It is supremely selfish for you and me not to take care of ourselves. If we do not, we simply impose so much more burden on others, who usually have enough work and worry of their own. See how this operates in the church, which must be maintained by some one's labor and sacrifice. Here is a man who refuses to pay his share for the church's support, yet is the recipient of its blessings as well as his fellow-members. What is the result? Others must pay just so much more, because they must make up his share. Is this right? Is it manly? Why should any person voluntarily make of himself an ecclesiastical mendicant?

Here is a church member who declines to do any work for the good of the congregation. Yet the work must be done. The result is, some one else must do double duty. A certain burden lies properly on my shoulders, because it is my burden. I give it a lunge and toss it over upon the shoulders of my neighbor, and compel him to carry it. What do you think of that kind of conduct? Surely, to say the least, it is not manly.

In one of our Lord's most striking parables He says: "To every man his work." What an excellent economic principle for the doing of the work of the kingdom of God! But if a man discards the work intended for him, he throws the whole machinery more or less out of gear, imposes unfair burdens upon others, and forfeits his reward at the last. If this principle of the proper distribution of labor, "To every man his work," were carried out in all departments of human activity, this world would soon be improved again. There would be no occasion for strikes either in the industrial or the spiritual realm.

However, every person should be able to do something more than take care of



Number One. Since there are physically and morally helpless people in the world, you and I, besides keeping ourselves in the way of rectitude, ought to do our share in bringing every other person under the influence of God's redeeming and sanctifying grace, so that he in turn may be able to contribute something to the world's betterment.

Atchison, Kan.

## A BOOKKEEPER'S VICTORY

REV. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG.

THE subject of this narrative is now one of the many successful business men of the far Northwest, a consistent Christian, and active in local and general church work. There was a time in his life, however, when he passed through the fires of a severe testing and came out victorious. For convenience I will call him Brown. He was a bookkeeper for a large firm in Seattle and handled numerous accounts. Among his duties he was required to make false oath to certain bills of goods supplied to steamers entering Puget Sound. This became a burden upon his conscience, and the more so during a revival in his church. The false swearing on his part seemed to be a necessary part of his duties. He knew that the goods furnished to the steamers were not in harmony with the bills. In other words, the firm was cheating in what is sometimes considered a legitimate way, and he was a party to the transaction. The battle between his conscience and his desire to retain his position became harder each day. He could not rest. He felt there must be a change. When he told his wife how he felt, she invariably replied: "The question is one you must settle for yourself," and so he found little relief from that source.

She was a wise woman, however, in not advising. There are some things which each one must decide for himself. It is difficult to be safely guided in the crises of life by the conscience of another person, no matter how wise or disinterested he may be. Brown realized that the question was between himself and God. He then heroically resolved to obey his convictions and trust God for the consequences. One morning he entered the manager's private room, and after disposing of some matters of routine business, Brown told his superior fully and explicitly how he felt about the false swearing, and stated that unless he could be released from that requirement he would be compelled to resign. "Very well," replied the manager, "keep on with your work for a few days, and I will see what I can do about it."

The outcome was that Brown was made cashier of the concern, with added responsibilities and an increase of salary, but with no duties involving a violation of his conscience. He held this position for a year, then resigned and went into another line of business. Every time he has turned around he has prospered financially, and is now well on the way toward financial independence. He does not tell this story himself; his wife has told a few trusted friends. He is a strong, discreet, level-headed business man, but he has learned the secret of trusting God

in the face of financial peril. He fully expected to walk out of his old position and begin the hunt for employment where he could earn a livelihood and keep a clear conscience. But it worked the other way. He made no demonstration, he did not pose as a martyr, none knew save his wife and pastor; but he counted the cost, and decided for God and righteousness. With all that may be said, and truthfully, too, about the dishonesties of business, there are doubtless thousands of business men who are making decisions like Brown, and others will be brought to do likewise as soon as they are fully persuaded that God is as deeply interested in the man in his store or counting-room as He is in the man when he is taking part in a religious service.

Worcester, Mass.

## A Model Report on Zion's Herald

AT the recent session of the New Hampshire Conference, the following, prepared and presented by Rev. T. E. Cramer, chairman of the committee on ZION'S HERALD, unanimously passed without discussion except a few words of commendation of the excellence of the report itself. It is so helpful to the paper and to all our ministers and readers, that we present it herewith:

"In a recent advertising announcement of ZION'S HERALD occurs this sentence: 'The pastor is the chief educator in spiritual things.' We accept the statement as true; and because it is true, we urge upon editor and publisher, upon the people of our churches, and upon the pastors as agents, the importance of emphasizing the office of the church paper as the pastor's assistant. The work of teaching cannot be done by the pastor alone. The task is too great. There was never a greater need of instruction in religious things. There is a great throng of people—disheartened toilers, anxious parents, restless youth, people of every class and condition, afflicted, tempted, doubting, indifferent, and with mistaken notions regarding the church and its activities. There is in Methodist homes a surprising lack of acquaintance with doctrine, and with past achievements and present agencies of the church. For the major part of these the pastor's opportunity for instruction is limited to a brief half-hour once or twice in a week. If able to follow his message with a personal call, his visit is of necessity often belated. He does well if he reaches every home once in a quarter. He does better if he finds at home the members of the household who have greatest need of his counsel. Let our church paper be thought of as an assistant pastor, entering such homes every week, and remaining to give counsel to every member of the household.

"We urge this conception upon the makers of the paper. Let them present as their candidate an assistant pastor, neat, attractive in appearance, genial, approachable in spirit, up-to-date in matter and method, winning the sympathy of the young and holding the affection of the mature. Let the assistant be alert, fearless, sturdy for the right; in touch with national and world movements, and with developments in science, literature and theology. Let him be scholarly, equipped, open, fair in discussion.

"But as an assistant pastor he will not be in learned discussion all the time. He will devote himself chiefly to every-day people in every-day ways, studying the needs of all, and overlooking none. He will not

fall short in things intellectual, but will give emphasis to things spiritual and practical. As a fellow-pastor he will note and commend the activities of present and former pastors in whom people are interested. Sometimes he may tell pastors how to do things. Oftener he will tell what things are being done by people and pastors. He will not fail to honor the veterans laid aside from active toil, and whatever he may do to enrich them in heart or in earthly store will be appreciated and remembered. He will loyally defend, in the light of to-day, the faith and polity delivered by the fathers. He will seek continually to give evidence of his call to the ministry in possessing gifts, and graces, and fruits.

"We urge upon the people of our churches this conception of the paper's mission. Let them remember the manifold and varying needs faced by this assistant pastor in his labors. The individual may not be profited by everything offered upon every visit; but something there will be for him—and something for his neighbor; and no intelligent worker can afford to be without the information and counsel thus afforded.

"We urge this conception upon the pastor. He must remember that the task of the assistant, although so closely related, is not identical with his own. Let him be careful when, and where, and how, he ventures criticism upon his own assistant. If there are faults and deficiencies, let him appeal directly to the assistant. If there are excellences, let him be ready in appreciation, prompt in commendation.

"With such an ideal, urged, amplified, and improved by makers, agents, and readers, we are assured greater service for the kingdom is immediately possible for us through our own paper, ZION'S HERALD."

## Things to Do when You Reach Your New Charge

- Smile.
- Shake hands.
- Fix up your parsonage.
- Preach the first Sabbath after Conference.
- Study the names and faces of your people.
- Call on the sick, poor and old people of the charge.
- Present the church paper to your people as soon as possible.
- Don't tell the people of the great work you did in your last charge.
- Don't suppose you can accomplish all to be done in the first few weeks.
- Don't inform your people that you have come to turn the world upside down.
- Don't show any disappointment over being sent to your new field of labor.
- Start in to have a great revival, and be very much disappointed if you don't.
- At once put yourself on good terms with the children and young people of the charge.
- Lift up Christ in all your work. Rely upon God. Have faith in yourself and the people.

Don't preach your best sermons first, unless you know you can dig out better ones in the future.

Don't make many radical changes in the running of the church from what has been in operation. Let changes be slow and gradual.

Soon as possible visit all the members of your church in their homes. It will cheer them and bless you. — ROBERT STEPHENS, in *Illinois Methodist Journal*.

It may be little that we can do  
To help another, it is true;  
But better is a little spark  
Of kindness when the way is dark,  
Than one should miss the road to heaven  
For lack of light we might have given.

— Open Window.

## THE FAMILY

## THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

"Whilst I live Springtime . . . shall never cease."

The earth lies dead!  
A cold, grey mist steals softly o'er the vale,  
Like funeral-pall; and in the barren dale  
Stand leafless trees.  
Earth-brown the plains, and bleak the  
mighty hills;  
The woodlands silent; e'en the running  
rills  
Seem hush'd and still.  
The wailing wind, in wistful plaintive  
strain,  
Whispers its dirge, the requiem for the  
slain.

The earth lies dead.

To rise again!  
For now the grey gives place to sunlit  
beams;  
And scattered mists reveal the wondrous  
gleam  
Of new-born world.  
Not lifeless now, but life-fueled are the boughs,  
Verdant, leaf-covered; and the zephyr  
soughs  
A blithesome song  
Through forest glade, green fields, and  
winding dells.  
All Nature's glad—the joyous chorus  
tells—  
To rise again!

To every man  
There comes from God the "promise of the  
spring."  
A miracle of Love; no little thing  
This gracious gift.  
As from the inmost soul of Mother Earth  
Life, beauty, strength, is surely brought to  
birth,  
And lives again,  
God's Breath of Spring will come to earth-  
stained men,  
Will touch their hearts and make them  
live again.  
To every man!

— Donald Grant.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

O rainy days! O days of sun!  
What are ye all when the day is done?  
Who shall remember sun or rain?

O years of loss! O joyful years!  
What are ye all when heaven appears?  
Who shall look back for joy or pain?

— William Prescott Foster.

Our Father, Thou art giving us blessings  
all the time; help us to be a blessing! —  
Ways of Life.

Let our Lord's sweet hand square us, and  
hammer us, and strike off the knots of  
pride, self love, and world-worship, and  
infidelity, that He may make us stones  
and pillars in His Father's house. — Samuel  
Rutherford.

To get ready for heaven we must attend  
first to earth. "How shall we live today?"  
may seem a small question when one asks,  
"Where shall we live forever?" But to the  
smaller question God gives us a clear  
answer; for the other He bids us wait. Is  
not the right use of today the best and only  
preparation for tomorrow and for all the  
tomorrows? — REV. CHARLES G. AMES, in  
"Living Largely."

Does it rain today? Is it dark and  
gloomy? That is all right; there must be  
some stormy days. Tomorrow the clouds  
will have a silvery lining or disappear en-  
tirely. Does the sun shine? Enjoy the  
sunshine. Tomorrow may be bright also.  
Are you well? Enjoy your health, and use  
it to the best advantage. Are you ill?  
Then it is a day in which to be patient and  
endure cheerfully. Are you free from  
trouble? Then it is a thanksgiving day.  
Are you carrying heavy burdens for your-

self or others? Then it is a day for the  
rolling off your burdens at the foot of the  
cross. — Louise Heywood.

Oh, the awful power of an evil past! Oh,  
the horror of any evil in a past however  
good! Memory has wings for any height.  
Memory can see in any darkness. Memory  
can follow any course of fortune. And  
suggestions of wickedness often grow more  
fascinating with time, like the ripening  
apples in the Garden of Eden. — AMOS R.  
WELLS, in "Help for the Tempted."

The gospel of Jesus never says, Be  
happy. The gospel does not deal in little  
ironies. But the gospel of Jesus says, Be  
holy; aim at the highest, and happiness  
will come. Forget it; trust in God; do the  
next duty; go round by Calvary, if the  
road lies there. And like sweet music  
falling among the hills, or like a fragrance  
wafted we know not whence; like the  
springing of water where we never looked  
for it; like the shaft of light breaking the  
cloud above us; like an angel unbidden,  
happiness will come. Like its Lord, we  
shall find it when we sought it not. Seek  
happiness first, says Jesus, and be baffled.  
But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and  
all these things shall be added unto you. —  
REV. G. H. MORRISON, in "Sun-Rise."

God calls you to go forward now. I have  
heard the story of a day of battle, when the  
tide of defeat was rising and a general  
called a drummer boy to his side and said:  
"You may beat a retreat." The boy looked  
one moment at the yielding standards of  
his people, and answered quickly: "Sire,  
the Marshal never taught me to beat a re-  
treat, but I can beat a charge most glori-  
ously." "Beat a charge, then," said the  
general; and together they rushed along  
the line of the fugitive troops. And the  
thrill of it caught the souls of the soldiers;  
back turned the lines, and the banners  
were planted on the enemy's stronghold,  
because one boyish heart had been true  
and quick to beat a charge at the critical  
moment. — Rev. Osora S. Davis.

Hear the pledge of Jesus Christ: "I will  
not leave you comfortless: I will come to  
you. Lo! I am with you always, even unto  
the end of the world." As long as God lives  
and our souls live, so long does this pledge  
stand. It is true, we cannot always feel  
this presence. But we can always know  
that it is there, always think of it, so long  
as thought endures, always rest upon it  
forever and forever; and the reason why  
this promise is given is that we may hold  
fast to this truth. There may be a moment  
in the very depth of sorrow and anguish  
when the presence is hidden from us. But  
it is not because God is absent. It is be-  
cause we are stunned, unconscious. It is  
like passing through a surgical operation.  
The time comes for the ordeal. The anæ-  
sthetic is ready. You are about to become  
unconscious. You stretch out your hand  
to your friend, "Don't leave me, don't for-  
sake me." The last thing that you feel is  
the clasp of that hand, the last thing you  
see is the face of that friend. Then a mo-  
ment of darkness, a blank — and the first  
thing you feel is the hand; the first thing  
you see is the face of love again. So the  
angel of God's face stands by us, bends  
above us, and we may know that He will  
be there even when all else fails. Our  
friends die, our possessions take wings and  
fly away, our honors fade, our strength  
fails, but beside every moldering ruin and  
every open grave, in the fading light of  
every sunset, in the gathering gloom of  
every twilight, amid the mists that shroud

the great ocean beyond the verge of mortal  
life, there is one sweet, mighty voice that  
says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake  
thee. In all thy afflictions I will be with  
thee, and the angel of My face shall save  
thee." — HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D., in "The  
Open Door."

Slow as I journey on from day to day,  
I come on other wanderers in my path;  
Some sad, some singing, some in bitter  
wrath,  
And some who join me for a little way —

Not always very far. Perhaps we see  
That one step moves too slow and one too  
fast;  
Some I have overtaken, loved and passed,  
And some there are who would not wait for me.

Some cross my march just once — across the  
lawn  
I hear a footstep; we shall almost meet!  
Alas! we may not stay too long to greet!  
A nod, a pleasant word — and he is gone!

How many million friends there are whose lot  
Keeps them outside my path for life's short  
while!  
But through the distance and the dark I  
I smile,  
For I can love them, though I see them not.

— Robert Beverley Hale.

THE LITTLE TEACHER AT  
ZOLLINGER'S

## A True Story

ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"WHAT was the county superin-  
tendent thinking of, to send us  
a child like you?"

The speaker was a big Dutchman,  
weighing over two hundred pounds, with  
a puzzled look on his strong, kind face.  
This was Gus Zollinger, farmer, mer-  
chant at the country cross-roads, church  
trustee, school trustee — in fact, Gus was  
what the boys call pretty near "the  
whole show," and in proof thereof the  
neighborhood was simply called "Zol-  
linger's."

Gus had driven over to the station  
("Zollinger's Station") in his muddy  
spring-wagon to meet the new public-  
school teacher. There was a new one  
every year at Zollinger's; sometimes there  
were two new ones before the session was  
over. And the strange thing was that  
Gus Zollinger's boy was the disturber of  
the peace. Big Gus, who carried the  
neighborhood in his pocket, who was  
successful in everything else he under-  
took, could by no means manage his own  
boy.

He was always hoping for some teacher  
to come along who could take the job off  
his hands. But that man had never  
been found. And now here was this  
woman — woman, indeed — this scrap  
of a girl, who looked as if she might  
manage canary birds, nothing more.

"You can't be more than sixteen,"  
Mr. Zollinger said, standing still on the  
platform, and looking as if he meant to  
express her back to Staunton.

"I'm twenty-two," said the little  
teacher, quietly; "and I'm a hard per-  
son to get along with, Mr. — is this Mr.  
Zollinger?"

Gus opened his mouth wide, and  
laughed until the hills seemed to shake.  
The idea of this bright-eyed little Jenny  
Wren being hard to get along with struck  
him as deliciously absurd.

Miss Tilly Sloane's eyes twinkled in



sympathy with this big laughter, but she seemed to have her dignity to take care of, and so her pretty lips were grave.

The two had much talk as they jolted over the three rough miles, and the trustee laughed on the other side of his face before he lifted her over the muddy front wheel, and set her down at Mrs. Shaw's gate.

Mrs. Shaw was what was called at Zollinger's a "widdier woman," and being near the schoolhouse, she boarded the teachers, taking them as they came, old and young, agreeable or otherwise. If they were "likely," she built no hopes on them; if they were of the complaining kind, she took it quietly, knowing it wasn't for long.

She did feel some vexation at the sight of Miss Tilly Sloane. "I won't git a month's board out of her," she remarked to Mr. Zollinger, as the giant carried the teacher's trunk up to the little room under the eaves.

"Don't you be too sure, now," chuckled Gus. "This here one's little, but she's loud. You may lay in your victuals for the session, Mis' Shaw."

The first school day passed off in a commonplace way; there was no disobedience of orders, and no show of insurrection. But the little teacher had cut her eye teeth; she knew what was going on — the boys were taking her measure. Apparently they were somewhat baffled by her personality. Where did all this brisk determination of manner come from?

At the close of the second day's session the teacher excused the history class from reciting, because, she told the school, she was going to make a speech. The speech was short and to the point; she told her listeners that she knew, of course, there would have to be some punishment during the session; she wasn't quite big enough to whip anybody, and she didn't believe much in whipping anyhow. "I have my own ways of punishing," she said, "as some of you may have to find out before the session is over; but I am not going to have any trouble about it — of that you may be sure. Any scholar who needs punishment will have to take it like a soldier, or leave the school at once."

"Do you know how a soldier takes punishment?" Miss Tilly Sloane looked from one to the other — they were listening intently. "He takes it with his head up and his mouth shut. If he doesn't, he is kicked out; the army has no use for him."

The little teacher managed to put such scorn of voice into this last sentence that it left a clear-cut impression of something contemptible on the young minds.

"One word more," she said; "your fathers and mothers are not going to force you to be educated. If you want to be stupid and ignorant, you may; if you are sent away from school, or leave it of your own accord, you'll be put to work, alongside of the oxen and mules, who won't mind you for a companion — they haven't much education themselves."

Again that touch of ineffable scorn. But Miss Tilly was smiling as she gave out a notice or two, and then dismissed her scholars.

The spirit of revolt was certainly daunted — it was very hard to say how or why; but there was a sense of mastery in the air.

However, Gustavus Zollinger, Jr. — "Gustav," he was called — had plenty of dogged perseverance. He liked this young woman; in his secret heart he wanted her to stay; her bright eyes, her dimpled smile, her white hands, delighted his dawning manhood; but give up to her — never! Gustav told himself he was only watching for his chance.

Well — he was a patient watcher. Weeks went by, and the little teacher began to wonder if this miraculous goodness and order could last. But Gustav finally got himself up to the point.

One Friday morning, as Miss Sloane looked over the pile of crookedly folded compositions on her desk, she said, suddenly: "Gustav, have you handed in your composition?"

"No'm" — the voice was sullen.

"Have you written it?"

"No'm" — the voice was defiant.

There was a very still moment while the teacher went on looking over the papers, and the boys and girls ached to know what was coming next. They recognized the crisis.

Miss Tilly looked up pleasantly. "Don't be later than tomorrow morning handing it in, Gustav. I want to return them all corrected, Monday morning."

It was hard for Gustav to resist the impulse to give in, and say, "Yes'm," but he resisted.

"I ain't a-goin' to write any," he said, rudely.

"Why?" the teacher raised her eyebrows, but not her voice.

"I don't care tew," more rudely still.

"Very well," said the little teacher.

"I'll see about it after school is out — I mean after four o'clock."

Four o'clock! Gustav had expected to be "bounced" at once; he had in anticipation seen himself gathering up his books and walking out of school in the admiring view of the others. It was very commonplace to go up at once to recite geography!

He missed his question on purpose, but no notice was taken of him. The school routine went smoothly on.

He got some innings at recess; the boys seemed inclined to urge him on; but they showed no signs of joining him themselves.

When the school was dismissed, Gustav had half a mind to leave, too. The little teacher must have seen it, for she called out merrily: "If Gustav is afraid to stay by himself, one of you may stay to protect him." That settled it — Gustav stayed.

"Just sit down at your desk a little while, if you please, Gustav," said Miss Sloane; "I want to finish correcting these compositions."

The boy sat down, and took out his knife. He began to cut letters on his slate frame, but the teacher took no notice of him.

The quiet moments passed, marked only by the loud, vulgar tick-tock, tick-tock, of the school time-piece, by the rustle of the composition papers, and the sound of Gustav's knife in the soft wood. But if thoughts made any sound, there

would have been too much noise in the room for the teacher to do any work. The disturber was wondering what was coming — wondering if it paid; wondering if he could get out of this affair with any credit; wondering if it was going to drive this nice, dainty little lady away; wishing some other boy was giving her trouble so that he might thrash him and be done with it.

How much longer was she going to keep him? Had she forgotten him? Gustav cleared his throat and shuffled in his seat.

"I'm almost done," Miss Sloane said, looking up pleasantly, and going at once back to her work. She hummed a merry little tune as she worked.

Gustav couldn't help remembering what she had said about leaving school and going to work alongside of the uneducated oxen and mules. He began to wish heartily now to get out of his scrape; but no — that was impossible; those cowardly fellows who had left him to carry this out by himself — how they would jeer!

With a wheezing and a whirr, the clock struck five. Miss Sloane put up her work.

"I believe it is too late for our talk, Gustav," she said, quietly. "I'll stop at your house tomorrow on my way to give Sadie Price her music lesson. Ask your father to be at home, and we'll make one talk do; unless" —

The little teacher paused, and looked hard at her rebel, as if she would see right down through that mop of yellow hair, into his brain.

"Unless" — she said — "you change your mind. If you do, bring me your composition before ten o'clock. Please fasten the shutters for me, Gustav, I am so little I can hardly reach them without going headforemost out of the window."

She laughed at herself, and nodded good-by, leaving Gustav to shut up the school-room and hide the key under the stone by the gate post.

Was it that friendly touch of asking a favor of him, or the allusion to her tiny stature, that awakened a desire to protect her? Something made the boy feel that he could not — he just could not — banish himself from school.

As the home folks knew nothing of all this, Gustav went back to an atmosphere of taking-it-for-granted that the Saturday holiday would be followed by Monday school; and before daylight the next morning he lighted his tallow candle and wrote a composition of sixteen lines — the minimum that would pass muster.

That wasn't all, of course. He knew there would be some sort of punishment; but the picture in his brain of the soldier, with his head up and his mouth shut, was finely contrasted with that dumb fellow, a companion of the dumb beasts only.

It was months before Gus Zollinger, Sr., got at the true inwardness of the little teacher's plan, and when he did, he was lost in admiration.

"You are a cute one, you cert'ny are!" he exclaimed. "What put you on to this idea of holding-off?"

"I think it is God Almighty's plan," she answered, very soberly. "Doesn't He

give us time to cool off, and sober down, and see things in new lights, before we lose our chance of saying we are sorry, and of being forgiven? It doesn't always work, Mr. Zollinger — not even with God Almighty, and of course not with a blunderer like little me; but I always ask Him to help — that's one reason I wait. I want to give Him time to help. And Gustav is a fine boy at bottom, Mr. Zollinger."

"If he turns out so," said the big man, in a husky voice, "I'll have you to thank."

"And God Almighty," she added, softly.

Lexington, Va.

### THE PROJECKIN' WINTER

I dunno what de winter mean!

He say he gwine to go,  
En w'en de birds is buildin' nests  
He pelt 'em wid de snow.  
I dunno what de winter means,  
He projeck 'roun' you so!

He say, "Yo' rheumatism  
Will soon be on the wing;  
Yo' ole fr'en', chill-en-fever,  
Is comin' wid de spring,  
En yo' bones 'll sholy rattle  
Lak de bones de minstrils fling!"

En den he fix ter fool me,  
En hush his winds, so cross,  
En holler, "Yer's de sunshine  
You folkses said wuz los'!"  
En de mockin' bird come out ter sing  
En freeze up in de fros'!

I dunno what de winter mean,  
A-hangin' roun' de do'!  
He knows it's spring; birds want ter sing,  
En time fer him ter go;  
He mighty hard ter on'erstan',  
He projeck 'roun' you so.

— FRANK L. STANTON, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

### "NARROWED" LIVES

THE phrase, "narrowed lives," was suggested to me by the words of a friend who is deaf. "My life is narrowing down to a dreary point," she said. "Can I do nothing to make it worth my while to live?"

I have thought much about it since then. Should life to an immortal being ever "narrow down?" Was not the path that God's children tread intended to grow brighter and brighter "unto the perfect day?"

Yes, I know, there are physical limitations; yet, when one thinks of Helen Keller, one feels that common drawbacks ought not to be mentioned. Still, to the ones limited they are always present, and the days must be planned with them in view. I wonder whether it would not be possible so to plan that the very narrowing of one's circle because of them would deepen the influence for those reached.

Let me dream a little. I have a friend who is sufficiently deaf to be embarrassed by ordinary conversation. She almost dreads even the family circle, because friends are likely to drop in and try their nerves, and hers, with attempts to make her understand. She is over-sensitive, of course; that is one of the results of any physical limitation, and calls for a resolute will to put it aside as much as may be.

But my friend knows how to read aloud in a manner to make even the ordinary daily newspaper attractive to listeners. In the city where she lives there are many blind people, and many who, though not

entirely blind, have such limited sight that they can read very little for themselves. In my dream I behold that good reader planning to enter that open door, selecting her friends, choosing her material, apportioning her leisure time, and becoming by degrees a minister of grace to those who, if they cannot see, can hear, and who learn to love the "music of her voice" not only, but who grow into sympathy with the great thoughts she brings to them. More than that, some among them, I note; as the days pass are being led into intimate fellowship with the Master; and I know that there will be stars in my friend's crown, almost because of her physical limitations.

I know another woman who is quite deaf, but she has a choice pen. Her style is so charmingly natural and conversational, and she has so many pleasant topics to write about, that entire strangers beg to hear her letters read.

In my dream I see that woman making a systematic offering of this special gift for the comfort and uplifting of the "shut-in" sisters who are everywhere. She has a list of people about whom she has heard incidentally; and with these, as many as her time and strength will allow, she opens correspondence, and carries the breath of flowers and the sound of birds and the sunshine of sympathy and good cheer straight into their sick-rooms. She does more than that; she breathes about those beds of pain the aroma of one who "has been with Jesus," so that they come to know Him in a new and blessed sense; and only the pen of inspiration could tell the story of what her ministrations accomplish.

There was a young woman who used to attend the Pastor's Aid Society to which I belonged years ago. She ceased coming because of deafened and sensitive ears and lives a narrowed life because of them. Yesterday I had a thought about her, which in my solitude I spoke aloud:

"Why don't they make that woman their society treasurer? She is business-like and methodical. She would keep every item of income and outgo in so neat a way that he who runs could read. Because of her deafness all reports would have to be rendered to her in writing, which would be good for the society, and excellent discipline for its members. She would be a capital collector of dues because of her business methods, and also because no delinquent would like to meet her, on the street, for instance, and scream out an excuse for further delay. I am quite sure that physical limitations in this case would increase usefulness."

This reminds me of another woman who used to be an active member of a missionary circle, but who now sits at home alone on the day of the meeting, and sometimes weeps because she can no longer hear well enough to keep in touch with the work. That is what she thinks. But I have a vision of her as having gathered about her blank books of convenient size and shape, one for each mission field. They are labeled "Africa," "India," "Mexico," and the like. For these books she began to glean and clip and copy. From newspapers, from magazines, from rare books, from reports written to her by personal friends, from any and every source of supply that an indefatigable gleaner can discover, she gathered her treasures, pasting or writing each in its order. In due course of time it became noised abroad that "Aunt Mary," as she was familiarly called, had a valuable scrap-book on India, for instance; and the army of overworked, hurried people, as well as the army of careless people who neglect preparation, fell into the habit of going to her for help. In my vision the work grew, and grew,

until the time came when Aunt Mary was not only "in touch" with the missionary circle again, but was the recognized authority on missions for every member of that church; and every member of her circle was proud of her. — PANSY, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

### No Resemblance

IN the "monument room" at Trinity Church is the large marble tablet in memory of the late Bishop Hobart. It is a bas-relief representing the bishop (a portrait) *in articulo mortis*, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the Angel of Death. An aged couple from the rural districts were being shown about the church, and, pausing long before the tablet, the old lady remarked to her husband, "That's a good likeness of the Bishop; but" — regarding the angelic personage attentively — "it's a very poor one of Mrs. Hobart. I knew her well, and she didn't look like that." — *Evangelist*.

### Never had Served it Before

THE Chicago *Chronicle* relates the experience of "a short little woman and her tall husband," who went to a down-town restaurant for dinner.

"Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded, and as he handed his order to the waiter, he said, "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table-cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red.

Then he came around to John's side, and, speaking *sotto voce*, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I am not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?"

### What it Meant to Her

A CLASS in spelling was going over words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy?'" One little girl raised her hand. "Well, Maggie?" "It means yer mother." The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled. "Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher. The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence. "Well, what's the answer, Maggie?" "It means a man mummy," replied the child.

### Making Sure of It

THE colored janitor of the flat next door approached the grocer and handed him a paper containing some white powder.

"Say, boss," he asked, "what you t'ink dat is? Jes' taste it an' tell me yo' 'pin-ion."

The grocer smelled it, then touched it to his tongue.

"Well, Jake, I should call that soda."

"Dat's jest what I say," replied the janitor, triumphantly. "I say dat's soda, but my ol' woman, she 'low it's rat-pizen; she say she *knows* 'tis. Jes' taste it again, boss, fo' to mek sure." — *Youth's Companion*.



# BOYS AND GIRLS

## APRIL

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill,  
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.

Up through the brown earth, spite of the cold,  
Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.

Shy little Snowdrop, dressed like a bride,  
Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.

Daffydowndilly slips out of bed,  
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run:  
"O pray, am I in time for the fun?"

— Emily Huntington Miller.

## GETTING READY FOR BOARDERS

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT are you going to do with all that string?" a friend asked.

She happened in while I was rolling up a piece of pink twine — the kind that storekeepers use to tie bundles with.

"I am getting ready for my summer boarders," I answered.

"Are you going to feed them on strings?" was the laughing query.

"No, but they like to furnish their own rooms, and I like to help them."

"Furnish their rooms with — strings?"

My friend evidently thought that I had taken leave of my senses, so I hastened to tell her that my boarders were little feathered people, who preferred nests to houses.

"Oh — the birds?" she queried.

"Yes," I replied. "I had six families to provide for last spring, and I expect twice that number this season. In order that they may not be forced to locate elsewhere for lack of good furnishings near by, I am laying in a stock for them to select from," I explained. "I have found that the orioles like a bit of brightness in their homes, although they are inclined to use it sparingly. So I hang an occasional colored string among the lineful of white ones that I always keep displayed in the nesting season. Fine raveled cloth and horsehair are also used at a certain stage of building; these I also display in abundance. You would be surprised to see the quantity of cotton that the yellow birds and redstarts use. They seldom select any color," I remarked, noticing that her eyes were taking in the wads of fleecy white cotton upon the table. "The robins are not so particular — almost anything serves their purpose, provided there is enough of it. I have even thrown out strips of cotton cloth, which I have seen streaming from their bills as they struggled through the air, and out of which they manage to weave a comfortable, if rather inartistic, home. One nest that I recall displayed flying white streamers all summer that would almost have suggested a crow's nest if I had not happened to see Madam Robin at work upon it.

"Here is my basket of supplies," I said, displaying a basket with a tight-fitting cover, in a corner of my work-room. "I always begin early, and put into it whatever I think will be appreci-

ated by my little friends. Strings, horsehair, bits of cloth, wads of cotton, pieces of old lace — all go into this basket. Then, in May, I make a tempting display of my furnishings in every available spot in the yard. I hang some on a line, some — wads of cotton, for instance — I tie to the limbs of trees, and I throw a quantity on the ground. But wherever I display my finery, I always take pains that it shall be in places on which I can keep an eye. In this way I not only find out what birds take certain things, but in most cases I have been able to see where they locate, and to watch them at work. Several nests have been left in such a fine state of preservation after the summer campaign, that I have been able to secure them, and to examine them more closely. I once found a bit of crocheted lace woven into a robin's nest, and a leaf from my diary in a vireo's, while a piece of fine blue veiling adorned the side of an oriole's hanging cradle."

My friend was so interested in my work and its results, that she showed me, when I returned her call, material in abundance with which she intends to set up an "opposition boarding-house," now that the season has come round.

Waltham, Mass.

## A Square Meal

"I cannot eat a square meal,"

Sighed little Johnny Burt;

"Because, you know, it pains me so,  
The corners always hurt."

— DORA AYDELOTTE, in *Good Housekeeping*.

## WHAT IF HE HAD!

ROB was only nine and a half, so he had to walk steadily and breathe very hard when he went down cellar for a hod of coal for mamma. He liked to get the coal, though, for then he said he was "helping." Of course he could have helped just as much by setting the chairs back from the table, and picking up his own little room, and hanging his hat and coat on the second low peg at the left-hand side of the closet, and showing Willie, who was seven, about his arithmetic.

Rob always felt about papa's size when he was stamping downstairs swinging the shiny, black hod. He was always very careful not to drop one little piece of coal on the stairs, because papa had said, "Somebody might step on it and fall." But this afternoon Rob was in such a hurry! When he rushed out to the pantry for cookies, after school, there was that coal-hod with its big mouth wide open, saying as plain as could be, "I'm hungry, too. Fill me, please. You know how."

"O bother!" mumbled Rob. Then he snatched up the hod and dashed down cellar. "I'm afraid the boys won't wait. Why are you always empty after school?"

Coming back one piece dropped off, Robbie pretended not to hear it. Another piece dropped on the stairs, but Robbie did not hear that, either. That is, he told himself he did not. He said, "Bother! I'm sure it was not coal. Most likely it was Fred Blake banging stones in the yard. And besides, nobody will be going

down until after supper, and then it will be papa with the lamp."

Robbie took two, three, four cookies in his hand, and poked four, five, six into his pocket. Ten cookies for a boy who would not — "Bother! I s'pose I'll have to!"

And he did. He picked up the two pieces of coal he did not hear drop. The boys were waiting, after all. They knew there might be cookies.

It must have been about half-past seven that Rob and Willie were arguing over the long division example — just arguing, you know. Willie said that twenty-two went into ninety-nine three times, and that there would not be any remainder. Robbie said it went four times, and there would be a remainder. And Robbie said, triumphantly, "Just try it and see!" But Willie declared, scornfully, that he knew without trying. Mamma said, "Oh, hush, boys!" and papa said, "Less noise, boys!" and grandma jumped up and observed smilingly, "I know how to settle that dispute."

She trotted out of the room, and presently the boys heard a bump, bump, bump, on the cellar stairs.

There was a rush and a scream. It was papa and mamma and Willie who rushed, and mamma who screamed. Robbie sat still and shut his eyes hard. He could see his grandma lying white and still on the hard cellar floor. He began to feel sick and faint. Perhaps he had killed his dear, dear grandma. Why was he so impatient to get out that afternoon? He could never forgive himself. Then he remembered! He nearly tumbled out of his chair in his haste to get to those cellar stairs.

"Oh, bless you, no!" grandma was saying, and laughing at the scare she had given them. "I didn't fall. It was only the dish of apples. I stepped on my dress, and I had to let something go, and it couldn't be the lamp. I knew that apples were good for hard sums. At least I've known them to help boys do sums."

Robbie put his arms round grandma, when they got back in the sitting-room, and looked right through her spectacles into her kind, brown eyes. He said, "O grammar, what if I had! What if I'd left the two pieces of coal on the stairs! I was going to first. What if I had!"

"Oh, bless me!" cried grandma, looking frightened. Then she gave Robbie a quick little squeeze and laughed, and said: "Oh, but you didn't, bless you!" — MINNA STANWOOD, in *Youth's Companion*.

## A Pair of Boy's Gloves

BOYS need to wear gloves. Here is a nice pair for those in our Junior societies, which will keep their hands clean if they will wear them faithfully:

### Left Hand.

### Right Hand.

- |                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Don't swear. | 1. Don't drink.     |
| 2. Don't lie.   | 2. Don't smoke.     |
| 3. Don't steal. | 3. Don't chew.      |
| 4. Don't cheat. | 4. Love God.        |
| 5. Don't fight. | 5. Love each other. |

### TAKE NOTICE

When needful, boys may loan the first, second, and third fingers of the left hand to their fathers and older brothers. — *Young Evangelist*.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## Second Quarter Lesson V

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1904.

LUKE 11:1-13.

## PRAYER AND PROMISE

## I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find.* — Luke 11:9.

2. DATE: A. D. 29, December.

3. PLACE: Perea.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVE: Matt. 6:9-13; 7:7-11.

5. HOME READINGS: Monday — Luke 11:1-13. Tuesday — Matt. 6:5-15. Wednesday — Psa. 145:10-21. Thursday — Psa. 84:1-17. Friday — Dan. 9:3-7, 16-23. Saturday — 1 John 5:9-15. Sunday — John 16:23-33.

## II Introductory

Near the close of our Lord's ministry He was observed one morning by His disciples to be engaged in prayer. It occurred to them that while John had taught his followers a form of devotion, they themselves — the newer disciples probably — had never had their aspirations molded by any specific teaching on the part of their Master. On rejoining Him they made an earnest request that He would teach them how to pray; and so He taught them that beautiful model which He had previously given to the Twelve, and which, whether shaped by the child at his mother's knee, or uttered in reverent tones in the philosopher's study, has been found comprehensive enough for the entire range of human wants.

Lest, however, the disciples should lose the benefit of this appointed medium of blessing through false modesty or timidity, the Master weaves for them a little story out of the familiar details of their every-day life. He pictures a traveler who, avoiding the heat of the day and making his journey in the evening, arrives unexpectedly at midnight at the house of a friend. Unfortunately the host has no bread to set before his hungry guest. He slips out and hastens to the door of a more provident neighbor, to whom he tells the story of his emergency, and asks the loan of three loaves. But he is met by a cross and impatient rebuff: "Trouble me not! The door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee." Most men would have suffered themselves to be repulsed by such an answer, but not so this man. If there had been no bread in his neighbor's house he might have given it up, but there *was* bread, bread enough and to spare, and he *must* have it. And so he knocks and pleads and gives his neighbor no peace till he rises and grants the favor, not for friendship's sake, but simply because of the impudent pertinacity of the seeker. And then, by that beautiful climax of specific promises — "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" — He not only confirms the teaching of the parable, but forever settles that vexing question as to whether prayer really affects God, or only ourselves.

Not content with this, He employs an additional and an *a fortiori* argument of inimitable beauty to strengthen His promise that true prayer will surely be answered. No one doubts a parent's love. A son may ask a specific favor of his father and be sure of receiving the very thing he asks for, provided only it be wholesome and suitable. If he asks for bread, the father will not heartlessly give in its stead something entirely alien and innutritious — something which, though it may resemble bread, is not bread, but may be only a stone shaped like a loaf. If the child craves fish, no parent would be so cruel as to offer in its place a serpent, which, though it might look like a fish, would strike with poisoned fangs the hand stretched out in confidence to receive it; or he might ask for an egg, and the father would not be so unfeeling as to cheat and imperil his son by presenting him a white, curled-up scorpion. And if this be so, if earthly parents with all their imperfections know how to give good gifts unto their children, *how much more* will the Heavenly and Almighty Father, out of the plenitude of His wisdom and goodness, grant the Holy Spirit — the Source and Embodiment of all good things — to them that ask Him!

## III Expository

1. As he was praying in a certain place. — "The extreme vagueness of these expressions shows that Luke did not possess a more definite note of place or time. Probably Jesus was praying at early dawn, and in the standing attitude adopted by Orientals" (Farrar). One of his disciples — not one of the twelve probably; some disciple who had not heard the Sermon on the Mount. Teach us to pray. — The Jewish rabbis taught their disciples forms of prayer, and the Baptist had done so, but his form has not been preserved.

2. When ye pray, say. — As will be seen by examining the Revised Version, the Lord's Prayer as reported by Luke is the same as that given in Matthew's version of the Sermon on the Mount, only much abbreviated. Our Father (R. V. omits "our"). — Nowhere else is this filial address taught. It was a part of Christ's mission to assure men of the fatherhood of God. Which art in heaven — omitted in R. V. Hallowed be thy name. — The "name" of God includes all the revelation which He had made of Himself to man; all that we know about Him; His attributes and glory so far as revealed; "a consecrated 'name,' not to be lightly used in trivial speech, or rash assertion, or bitterness of debate, but the object of awe and love and adoration" (Ellicott). Thy kingdom come — the kingdom of grace and of glory; the predicted universal reign of the Messiah. This petition requires of every one who offers it consistent efforts and a consistent life. Thy will be done. — The contest between man and his Maker is a contest of wills. Of Christ it was predicted: "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God!" He alone in humanity has perfectly accomplished this petition. Bernard comments thus: "Thy will be done in weal and in woe, in fullness and in want, in life and in death; in us, that we may become like Thee; by us, that the world may be conquered for Christ." As in heaven — "as by pure angels, so by men" (Schaff). The R. V. omits this petition.

I used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer; but as I live longer and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it. If a man in praying that

prayer were to be stopped by every word until he had thoroughly prayed it, it would take him a lifetime. "Our Father" — why, a man is almost a saint who can pray that. "Thy will be done!" — who can stand at the end of the avenue along which all his pleasant thoughts and wishes are blossoming like flowers, and send these terrible words crashing down through it? I think it is the most fearful prayer to pray in the world (Quoted in Biblical Museum).

3. Give us day by day our daily bread — a daily prayer for a daily portion, both for body and soul; teaching us dependence and trust; teaching us, too, to ask for a sufficiency, not for wealth; for a sufficiency for today, not for tomorrow; teaching us, further, that it is right for us to bring our physical wants to the attention of the Great Provider. "The propriety of daily family prayer is suggested by this petition for our daily bread" (Schaff). The word rendered "daily" is found only here and in the parallel passage in Matthew. It has been variously rendered, "needful," "requisite for our wants," etc., and probably is equivalent to St. James' expression, "things needful for the body."

4. Forgive us our sins — Matthew uses the word "debts," and this idea is implied in the next clause. For we also forgive every one . . . indebted to us. — On the ground of having ourselves forgiven others, we are entitled to base our pleas for personal forgiveness. We have no business to urge the latter unless we have complied with the former. The unforgiving are the unforgiven (Matt. 18:34, 35; Eph. 4:32). Lead us (R. V., "bring us") not into temptation. — Temptations exist, and indeed are needful for us to strengthen our faith and patience. We are therefore to "count it all joy" when we "fall into divers temptation;" but, on the other hand, we need to be conscious of our weakness, and with sincere self distrust ask the Lord not to lead us into temptations more testing than we are able to bear; not to expose us without showing us also "a way of escape." "Conscious guiltiness is the language of the preceding petition; conscious weakness the language of this" (Williams). Deliver us from evil (omitted in R. V.) — all evil.

5, 6. He said unto them — resorting to

## Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

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Scrofula	Salt Rheum
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All Kinds of Humors	Psoriasis
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Catarrh	Dyspepsia, Etc

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a parable to show them that success attends persistency in prayer. Go unto him at midnight — because the belated traveler, making his journey in the evening to avoid the heat of the day, arrived at that late hour. Three loaves — thin barley cakes, probably; "one for my guest, one for myself, and one in excess for the sake of courtesy" (Bengel). Friend of mine. — What encouragement do we find here to intercede for others; to state their needs and solicit bread for their famished souls! I have nothing. — "Even the deepest poverty was not held to excuse any lack of the primary Eastern virtue of hospitality" (Farrar).

7. Trouble me not. — The seeker had addressed him as "friend," but in the sharp annoyance felt at the intrusion, that word is omitted in the reply. Shut — "fastened, barred, bolted." Children — "The whole family — parents, children and all — sleep in the same room" (Thomson). Cannot rise. — The hour is unreasonable, and to rise would disturb the family.

8. Because of his importunity — literally, "shamelessness." The applicant had no modesty, no respect for proprieties, paid no attention to repulse. He kept on knocking till his neighbor rose. Abraham was similarly persistent (Gen. 18: 23-33). "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest till He establish," etc. (Isa. 42: 6).

Though there is an aspect under which God may present Himself to us similar to that of the unjust judge and this churlish neighbor, yet is there ever this difference — that His is a *seeming* neglect and unwillingness to grant, theirs a *real* (Matthew 15: 21; Genesis 32: 28). If selfish man can be won by importunate prayer to give, and unjust man to do right, much more certainly shall the bounteous Lord bestow and the righteous Lord do justice (Trench).

9. Ask . . . seek . . . knock — three degrees indicated: asking with the lips; seeking with the heart, and with the use of the appropriate means; knocking with faith, patience, and importunity. A promise is attached to each act — the gift that is asked for (if it be in accordance with God's will); the finding what we seek; the open door and welcome to him that knocks.

Christ here asks us, with condensed concern, to seek, for we shall find. What the object of our ceaseless and infinite quest shall be, is left sublimely unuttered. The unmentioned thing is the supreme thing. There is only one aim large enough to satisfy your soul's hunger. The one true search of man can have but one object — God (Bishop Huntington).

10. Every one that asketh, etc. — a universal promise from which no one can exclude himself because of a sense of unworthiness; an explicit promise, frequently repeated by our Lord, and with no other limitation than that contained in the context and in James 4: 3. "God always answers the right kind of prayer, and in His own right way" (Schaff).

11, 12. If a son. — Our Lord frequently appealed to human relations and affections to illustrate and enforce the divine. Give him a stone? — deceive him by a resemblance — a stone resembling a flat round biscuit in shape. Give him a serpent? — not simply deceive him in this case, but even worse — give him in reply what would wound and hurt. No father would do this. Offer him a scorpion? — There used to be a white scorpion which, when folded up, resembled an egg. This reference to an egg is found only in Luke.

13. If ye, then, being evil — as compared with Him who is essential goodness; if ye, whose affections are clouded by sin and selfishness and ignorance, etc. Know

how to give good gifts — do not make mistakes; and are willing and tender and kind, because you are parents. How much more — how infinitely more! Your heavenly Father — the All-Wise, the All-Loving One, who regards you as His children, whose knowledge of your wants is perfect, and whose resources are boundless. The Holy Spirit — the crowning and inclusive Gift, comprehending every spiritual blessing. In the corresponding passage in Matthew it reads "good things."

#### IV Illustrative

1. "More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me, night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God." (Tennyson.)

2. "Good prayers," says an old divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask." Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly, and pulls continuously, with all his might (Biblical Museum).

3. Christians often have little faith in prayer as a power in real life. Any unperverted mind will conceive of the Scriptural idea of prayer as one of the most downright sturdy realities in the universe. It has, and God has determined that it should have, a positive and an appreciable influence in directing the course of a human life. It is, and God has purposed that it should be, a link of connection between the human mind and the divine mind, by which, through His infinite condescension, we may actually move His will. It is, and God has decreed that it should be, a power as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform, as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity. A man may use it as trustingly, and as soberly, as he would use either of these (Phelps).

#### Preaching the Old Doctrines

DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN was in Portland, Oregon, holding special evangelistic services, less than a week. His themes were the familiar ones which not a few have considered antiquated: "The Judgment," "The Holy Spirit," "The Atonement." Crowds thronged the churches where he spoke. One Sunday afternoon the great opera house was crowded from pit to dome with men, and several hundred were unable to gain admission. When the invitation was given, several hundred sprang to their feet, signifying their desire to begin a Christian life. No one need tell us that the old Gospel has lost its power.

In other parts of the State similar scenes are being witnessed. Under direction of the evangelistic committee, Rev. J. E. Snyder has been going from town to town preaching on such topics as "Sin," "Prayer," "The Blood." One community after another has been stirred as by a rushing mighty wind. The last place visited was a little town of two hundred and fifty people where we had a feeble church of seven members. A letter is before me in which the pastor tells of the marvelous meetings just closed, of the memorable

last evening when twenty-six were received on confession of faith and of the many more seeking the way of life.

Shall we not again betake ourselves to prayer, and honor, as not before, the work of the Holy Spirit who endues with power, and proclaim with new zeal the Gospel of the crucified and risen Son of God? — Edgar P. Hill, D. D.

#### Commendable Narrowness

MEN who boast themselves in the breadth of their opinions are oftentimes the narrowest kind of mortals. Their disrespect for the convictions of others indicates not breadth, but bigotry. We have furthermore observed that broadness and thinness usually run in pairs. Do you know that "narrowness" has ever led the world? One-minded men have been the earth's glory. Moses was narrow; he gave up everything and became the leader of a peculiar people. Christ was narrow, measured by the broad-minded (?) Pharisees of his time. Luther was narrow, and Knox, and Columbus, and the Pilgrim Fathers. There never yet was a great mind that undertook to lead mankind to higher ideals but was a one-ideaed, a one-channeled man. The wires that bear the messages around the world are narrow. The track that bears the nation's commerce from ocean to ocean is narrow. The great liner that flings the sea from its sharp prow, is narrow. The Holy Word that has laid the foundations of all our jurisprudence and civilization and that opens heaven to the believing soul, is called a "narrow book." The way that leads to the gates of eternal life is narrow. But "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby." — United Presbyterian.

#### Memory Maker

##### Food with Certain Elements Required in the Brain

Poor memory means an ill-nourished brain. The proper food to help and nourish the brain will thus help the memory, as in the following case:

"I have not known what it is to enjoy real good health, not having seen a well day in over 20 years, and taking medicine most of the time until about a year ago.

"At that time I was suffering greatly from nervous prostration and general debility, the result of several severe illnesses from which I never expected to fully recover. My memory was also so poor that it caused me much chagrin at times.

"I had often heard how Grape Nuts had helped other people's memory, and that it was a brain food. Finally I was put on Grape Nuts for my meals. It was so pleasing to the taste I enjoyed eating it, and after a time I saw such an improvement in my health generally that I gave up medicine altogether. Am not even using laxatives now that I had been unable to do without for years. Grape Nuts helped my nerves, gave me strength, increased my weight ten pounds, and I can now work and walk better and enjoy life as I never expected to again.

"When my friends remark how well I look and act, I tell them it is all due to Grape Nuts. My doctor never sees me but he smiles with genuine pleasure at my improved condition, for he is an old friend and would like to see me perfectly well, knowing how long and how much I have suffered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## OUR BOOK TABLE

**THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MUSIC.** By Louis C. Elson. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$5, net.

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of this wonderful book. It is the second in the great series on the "History of American Art," of which "Sculpture" has already appeared. No expense has been spared in its preparation. Everything about it is sumptuous. There are twelve full-page photogravures and 102 illustrations in the text. Every lover of music will surely want to possess this great volume. He must read it to be well-informed. Whatever branch of the vast subject he is interested in will be found fully treated in these broad pages. Some of the chapter headings are these: "The Religious Beginnings of American Music," "Instrumental Music and American Orchestras," "Musical Societies and Institutions," "Operatic, Cantata, and Local Composers," "Folk-Music," "American Tone-Masters," "Organists, Choir and Chorus Leaders," "Composers for the Pianoforte," "American Women in Music," "Orchestral Composers," "Qualities and Defects of American Music." It is a fascinating and instructive record, very full on every point—biographical, historical, critical, descriptive, pictorial—and is prepared by one every way competent for the task. Many widely scattered facts are brought together, and allowed to tell their own story. The narrative is brought very closely down to the present time. The publishers, as well as editor and authors, deserve all praise for this magnificent undertaking in the interest of American art.

**GREATER RUSSIA: The Continental Empire of the Old World.** By Wirt Gerrard. With illustrations and a map. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$3, net.

A very timely volume, which has already had an extensive sale, being reprinted in two months after the first issue. It contains an immense amount of information on such topics as "The Awakening of Russia," "The Great Siberian Railway," "The Golden East," "Industrial Russia," "Agricultural Russia," "The Yellow Danger," "The Builders of the Russian Empire in the East," "Manchuria," "Conquest by Railway," etc. The style is extremely plain and monotonous, fact after fact being stated in the baldest way, with little attempt at rhetoric or variation in the form of the sentences. This is quite a drawback, and makes one tire sooner than is needful. It is written, also, from a strictly British standpoint, with frequent references to British interests. On one or two points he is a little astray or behind the times, which is only to say that he was no more prepared than Russia herself for the war which is already under way. He says: "So far as regards European nations, the United States of America, and Japan, the military advance of Russia in Asia can be regarded with equanimity. In face of determined opposition Russia will halt. She has relied, and still relies, almost entirely on bluff." Her bluff this time failed her, and she did not halt in time. But it has been a good many years since Japan could regard Russia's military advance with equanimity. The author holds, on another page, that Anglo-Saxondom, for its own self-preservation, is bound to oppose with the utmost vigor Russia's determination to shut out from Asia the commercial nations of the world, and pre-empt all those markets for herself. She believes that the Far East is her heritage, and will make the most strenuous efforts to achieve her destiny there.

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE CITIZEN.** By Jacob A. Riis. The Outlook Co.: New York. Price, \$2, net.

Mr. Riis has a very entertaining way of talking, and his books are simply his talk put in print. He has talked in other books about the shady side of life and the depressed classes of New York. In this one he has a far more agreeable subject to discuss—a man in no respect shady or depressed; and he discusses him with very intimate knowledge. Starting with his "Boyhood Ideals," he goes on through his college life and his early lessons in politics to trace the different steps in his career and describe all sides of his character. It is well worth describing, and they who read it will be increasingly glad that the country has a man of this noble quality for its chief executive. Each of the eighteen chapters is replete with high interest and tempts one to make extracts. Confining ourselves to chapter twelve, "The Despair of Politicians," we learn that the dominating note of his personality is utter simplicity, which is one reason why he upsets all the schemes and plots of the politicians. Another thing which puzzles them is a failure to get hold of "the key to the man," which Mr. Riis declares to be "his faith that the world is growing better right along." He is helping much to make it better. "He is a reverent man," declares the author, "of practice, in private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. His is a militant faith, bound on the mission of helping the world ahead." Speaking of the circuit riders of old, the President said once: "It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Because of it, deep beneath and through the national character there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal upon which the safety of the nation will ultimately depend."

**TEUTONIC LEGENDS IN THE NIBELUNGEN LIED AND THE NIBELUNGEN RING.** By W. C. Sawyer, Ph. D. J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia. Price, \$2, net.

Prof. Sawyer has charge of the German language and Teutonic mythology in the University of the Pacific. He has given us here the story of Siegfried's life and of Chriemhild's revenge, the legends underlying the Lied and the Ring—practically a prose version of those great poems. The value of the book is enhanced by an introductory essay on "The Legendary in German Literature," from the pen of Prof. Fritz Schultze, Ph. D., of Dresden. Students of operatic music will especially prize the volume. There is an appendix, giving an outline of the Volsunga Saga, and a very full index.

**BOOKS OF THE BIBLE WITH RELATION TO THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY.** By M. C. Hazard, Ph. D., and H. T. Fowler, Ph. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History, Brown University. Pilgrim Press: Boston and Chicago.

These are the advanced lessons of the Pilgrim series, designed to meet the needs of Bible classes and students who desire to secure a broad, connected view of the Bible as a whole. Whoever takes it up in earnest will certainly have considerable work on hand, but when he gets through he will know something. The modern view is taken of the critical questions which, to some extent, arise. For instance, it says: "The first eleven chapters of Genesis contain traditions of the world's history down to the separation of the chosen people." The book of Daniel is dated "between the pollution of the temple by Antiochus in 168 B. C. and his death four years later."

**WITH THE BIRDS IN MAINE.** By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.10, net.

Mrs. Miller has written many other books about birds—eight, we believe—and this ninth one shows no signs that the subject is exhausted. The studies chronicled here were made during ten summers in the Pine Tree State; but the birds mentioned—warbler, chickadee, thrush, oriole, cross-bill, robin, heron, crow, lark, wren, finch, swallow, sparrow, etc.—are mainly such as are common to the Eastern and Middle States. It is every way well to cultivate the study of our feathered neighbors.

**LIVING LARGELY.** Extracts from the Writings of Charles Gordon Ames, Minister of the Church of the Disciples, Boston. James H. West Co.: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

There is something here for every day in the year, and the selections are also arranged under topics. They are practical and devotional rather than controversial or doctrinal, and the most rigidly orthodox can find very little that he would have otherwise expressed, although, of course, the references to Jesus are not quite such as would come from one who believed in His deity. A fine likeness of Dr. Ames prefaces the volume, and his many friends will esteem very highly this opportunity to read again and again some of his best thoughts.

**THE VANGUARD. A Tale of Korea.** By James S. Gale. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

A lively missionary story, that will be especially appreciated just now. Mr. Gale, who has been in Korea for fifteen years, ever since he left college at the age of twenty-five, is a Presbyterian missionary, who has already won distinction as a writer by his "Korean Sketches," of which no less than five editions have been sold. He is also one of the group of scholars who have made the Korean translation of the Bible. All this ensures, of course, the accuracy of the local coloring of the tale. A great variety of incidents, connected both with mission work as seen from the inside and with the recent history of the country, including the Japan-China war, are woven into the narrative. All sorts of native characters and customs appear. Ping-Yang is the scene of the chief

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events. The actual workers in the field are introduced, but thinly disguised, and a true picture is supplied, with both lights and shadows, of the condition of things in the "Hermit Nation" and the campaign for its conquest by Christ. An excellent book for the Sunday-schools and for mission libraries.

**THE UPPER WAY: An Open-Air Discourse of the Path of Life and the Process of Walking Therein.** By William Curtis Stiles, B. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.

These pages, as the author distinctly states, attempt to present the theme of Christian salvation in untheological terms. Some of the most prominent subjects usually deemed essential to the topic are intentionally slighted. Only two or three main themes are treated, chiefly those pertaining to the elemental part of salvation, and untechnical language is carefully used. Though "Upper Way" is the title, what is commonly known as the "higher life" is not touched on.

**THE EASTER STORY.** By Hannah Warner. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, 50 cents.

A tiny booklet, with a very slight amount of matter in a very lovely setting, the colored marginal illuminations being exceedingly attractive. The real story of the resurrection is given from the Bible, and also a fairy story based upon it.

**THE STORY OF CHRIST'S PASSION.** By Charles H. Leeson, S. T. B., D. C. L. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, 50 cents, net.

A simple narrative of the well known events beginning with the "Triumphal Entry" and ending with the resurrection and ascension of Christ. The Scriptural account is closely followed, with explanatory and hortatory practical additions such as might befit a series of sermons or addresses, eight in number, which these seem to be. It puts the whole scene of the last great week in the Great Life clearly before one, and is profitable for perusal.

**THE BROOK IN THE PASTURE.** By Rev. John H. Elliott, D. D. **CHRIST'S BOYS AND GIRLS.** By Herman D. Jenkins, D. D. The Winona Publishing Co.: Chicago. Price, 25 cents each.

These are two volumes of the "Inner Circle Series," put up very neatly in beautifully decorated covers. They are well written sermons, the topic of the first being the 23d Psalm, and the text of the latter found in Zech. 8: 5: "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

**CHRISTIANIZED RATIONALISM AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.** By Sir Robert Anderson, K. C. B., LL. D.

We have here a reply to Prof. Harnack's "What is Christianity?," which the author denounces very severely and considers to be no better than paganism, "merely a religious philosophy, a neo-Buddhism."

### Magazines

— The exquisite cover design of the April number of *Country Life in America* is redolent of early spring—a cluster of pink-flushed magnolias on a pale green background, the work of J. Horace McFarland. "The Vanishing Beaver" is a profusely illustrated paper of great interest, by Josef Brunner, who aptly styles the beaver the "original woodcutter, engineer and irrigator." Frank M. Chapman discusses "The Problem of the Soaring Bird," and William E. Rice tells about "Successful Squab-Raising." Julia Ellen Rogers provides an instructive article upon "Magnolias: The Trees that have the Largest Flowers." In the fifth paper in the series of "Country Homes of Famous Americans," that of the "Father of his Country" at Mt. Vernon is described. (Double-day, Page & Co.: New York.)

— *Everybody's Magazine* for April opens with an enticing description of "The Greatest World's Fair," by David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Its two other main articles are by Frederick Trevor Hill on "The Menace of the Law's De-

lays," and by Dr. N. D. Hillis on "Consolidating the Churches." The editor calls for comments on this latter and promises to publish some of them. It may well give rise to criticism, for it is nothing less than revolutionary. Dr. Hillis proposes that all the Protestant churches in a town or community unite in one handsome central structure or organization so as to do away with the waste of the present cut-throat competition, just as the little district school-houses have been united in a central spacious building. The project is so fantastical and impracticable as hardly to call for serious consideration. One obstacle to it is human nature, and that is one pretty hard to get over. If it is found impossible to combine the Unitarian and Universalist denominations, which

have no perceptible differences of creed or polity or custom, what likelihood of combining those so widely differentiated as the Baptists and Episcopalians, not to mention other examples? While people are so wedded to their own ideas and beliefs and habits and interpretations of the Bible that even within a single church it is very difficult for the most tactful pastor to keep the peace if he is a man of any positive opinions, what chance at all for harmony if people of all sorts are to be corralled into one enclosure and told to love each other and work in unison? When the millennium comes it may be done, but not now. (Ridgway-Thayer Company: 31 East 17th St., New York.)

## The Official Route California

The Santa Fe will run two personally escorted special trains to Los Angeles via Grand Canyon, leaving Chicago April 27 and 28, 1904,

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Arrangements have been made under the auspices of the Raymond & Whitcomb Co. for a party to leave Boston on Tuesday, April 26, at 10.45 A. M., arriving in Los Angeles, Monday, May 2, at 3 P. M., stopping two days, Saturday and Sunday, at the Grand Canyon. This trip, with all expenses paid, Boston to Los Angeles, and return fare to Boston via any direct route, is **\$125.00.** Or return fare via Portland, Oregon, and thence any route East, \$136.00. This excursion avoids all Sunday travel.

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## "WOMEN FOR HOMES"

At the Lasell Reunion, held at the Vendome, this city, April 11, Principal Bragdon sent a greeting from Pasadena, Cal., which was read, and from which we take these practical suggestions for young women:

"I emphasize the fact that Lasell's motto is, 'Women for Homes.' It is glad it is not a college. It does not want to be. There are many colleges—only one Lasell. Notice that I said 'Women for Homes,' not 'Women for Houses.' Lasell is not an industrial school; it is not trying to make good housekeepers merely. It is trying to help girls to become intelligent homemakers. Mark the distinction—intelligent women first, well educated. So our literary work is not primary or subordinate. One of your graduates easily stepped into Wellesley's junior class in '02, and one not long since into Smith's senior. Our course is not a high school course. Graduates of the best high schools find it not easy to enter our junior class, and most are not too comfortable in our sophomore year.

"But as a side-work, and as an ideal permeating our curriculum, we are proud to help young women to become somewhat prepared for, and want them to be proud to be prepared intelligently to enter, the greatest of all professions—that of homemaker. Wiser than lawyer, more deft than doctor, more good than pastor, more skillful than engineer, more subtle than philosopher, must that woman be who can create an ideal home.

"It must be a new creation with every separate woman, for the conditions always vary. You can learn law, medicine, engineering, theology, from books—homemaking never. What the woman is more than what she has, determines her success here. So Lasell cares more to help a girl to be what she ought to be than to get what she can get. Right education is right character-building. So Lasell tries, above and besides all acquirement, to help its pupils to be, and to care to be, sane and strong and sweet.

"Help us, all you strong women of place and power! Spread the gospel of woman's right and duty to be God's greatest creation, so that your friends' girls and your girls shall feel it their highest ambition to be prepared for the noblest profession of all God has for any human being—the homemaker. Let your daughter be a lawyer if she wishes, a preacher if she wishes, but with all these and above all these teach her to value her peculiar calling—whether married or not, that makes no difference—of home-making.

"Let Lasell women so exalt the noble profession of homemaker that it shall soon be regarded by all women as the greatest accomplishment on earth. In this, as in many other lines she has been, let Lasell be proud to be pioneer!"

### Deaconess Notes

—Five years ago a deaconess from the Fall River Deaconess Home opened an industrial school in the corner of a barn, with six little girls as pupils. The work has grown until now they have a nice building and an up-to-date industrial school, with a deaconess giving her whole time to this one line of work.

—The Montana Deaconess Hospital at Great Falls is being greatly helped by a Hospital Guild—a society among the ladies of the city with a membership of 45, organized for the purpose of advancing Protestant hospital work.

—Three graduates from the Chicago Training School this year will take up work for the Milwaukee Deaconess Home, two as visiting deaconesses and one as evangelist.

—At a recent all day meeting of the Dea-

coness Aid Society at Minneapolis ten dozen sheets and five dozen pillow-slips were made for Asbury Hospital.

—The public schools of Lake Bluff have been closed to the children of the Deaconess Orphanage, which necessitates the procuring of a building and teachers for eighty boys and girls. Two excellent teachers—deaconesses—have already been secured.

—A quiet but very effective work is being carried on by the English deaconesses in Los Angeles. Two depot workers, two nurses and seven church visitors are connected with this Home, which is quite separate from the flourishing German work and a beginning work under the Church South in the city.

—Chicago and Evanston pastors are most kind in holding Sunday services at the Chicago Old People's Home. An interesting and helpful service was the one recently given by Dr. D. D. Thompson, editor of the *Northwestern Advocate*.

—Waltburg, a small town in Washington, sent the munificent gift of 212 quarts of choice canned fruit to the Spokane Deaconess Hospital last fall.

—The Chicago Training School has ten trained nurses enrolled as students—a fine outlook for deaconess nurses by and by.

—Lake Bluff Orphanage has been greatly helped by the efforts of Miss Mattie Foreman, third vice-president of the Illinois State Epworth League, who by letters and addresses has aroused an interest in the work of the Orphanage all over the State.

—Mary B. Sweet, a graduate of the Chicago Training School this year, will remain in the school as Bible instructor.

—The annual convocation of the Wesley Deaconess Movement will be held at Hull, England, April 20-25. More than a hundred deaconesses will meet and discuss plans of work.

—The gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. at Quincy, Ill., has been opened for the use of the boys from Chaddock Boys' School Saturday afternoons and Wednesday evenings.

—The missionaries in Southern Asia who have been students of the Chicago Training School have organized a "Chicago Training School Association of Southern Asia." The society already has an enrollment of 35.

—Citizens of Jeffersonville, Ind., are enthusiastic in their praise of the Deaconess Hospital of that city.

—Wesley Hospital, Chicago, gives \$25,000 worth of professional services alone every year to the poor, not to speak of medicines and hospital care.

—Eighteen young women from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are attending the spring normal term at the Chicago Training School.

—Wesley Hospital, Chicago, has recently adopted the eight-hour system of work for nurses. This is made necessary by the heavy course of study.

—Beautiful among institutions is the Agard Rest Home for deaconesses at Lake Bluff, Ill. Located thirty miles north of Chicago, on the bank of Lake Michigan, it is a delightful retreat for deaconesses when in need of rest and quiet. It is also intended to be the home of deaconesses—when there shall be such—whose days of active service are over. The institution needs and deserves the hearty support of the church.

—A visit from Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn writer, was an occasion of great blessing to the students of the New York Training School.

—Four hundred patients were cared for in the Spokane Deaconess Hospital last fall.

—The deaconess of First Church, Boone, Ia., takes entire charge of the church work, with the exception of filling the pulpit, while the pastor attends General Conference.

—The gratitude of one patient cared for in the Deaconess Hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind., is expressed in a gift of \$1,000 for an addition to the building.

—One old lady in the Ohio Methodist Home for the Aged has been a Christian for eighty years, and another for seventy-two years. Ten of the members are seventy-nine years old or over. Almost all are more than sixty years old.

## DEAFNESS CURED

**A Device that is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and Instantly Restores Hearing in Even the Oldest Person -- Comfortable, Invisible, and Perfect Fitting**

**190-Page Book Containing a History of the Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials from All Parts of the World -- SENT FREE**



**The True Story of the Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums, Told by Geo. H. Wilson, the Inventor.**

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense, and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable.

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor, and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drum, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With the drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation, and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful. I am a cured, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any other such old-fashioned make-shift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can cure deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. My invention not only cures, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeons in the world recommend it, as well as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190 page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to any one whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums, and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station of



life — ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc. — which tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and State, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention. Don't delay; write for the free book today, and address my firm, the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1788 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

### CHILEAN GIRLS AT SCHOOL

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CONCEPCION COLLEGE is our Girls' School in Concepcion, Chile, S. A. It was founded by Bishop Taylor in 1878. It reaches the wealthier, more influential class of people. It has been self-supporting all these years, and for ten years, with no dollar of endowment, it has furnished much of the money to pay the salaries of the pastors who have been preaching the glorious Gospel in the southern part of that beautiful republic. Our girls come from Roman Catholic homes, and, until their entrance in the school, have never known any Protestant or real Christian influence. In them we have had brought to us the women of the future, and how to influence best and most for Christ has been our constant effort. That we have been wonderfully successful, our Bishops agree. Their reports are in your hands. Says one: "The schools are responsible for our splendid success in the Gospel work. They have honeycombed the country with the truth, and thus prepared the way for its preaching."

The college is as positively and actively religious as any Conference seminary in this land or any mission school in any land. The Sunday-school, prayer band, Bible study class, "In His Name" circle, regular quarterly examinations on the Sunday-school study, and the special five minutes "prayer-bell" at night, all witness to this fact.

Through these girls we touch a class of people not reached in any other way by the Gospel, and in their homes, or later in homes of their own, our influence is positively felt. Last year a little girl was brought for matriculation, and the mother said: "My youngest sister was educated in this institution. Through her we learned of Christ. We witnessed her triumphant death, and now we bring you our daughter, that she may learn that which transformed Amanda's life."

The school has helped raise the standard of all the schools in the city. Its influence for temperance is far-reaching, and every year some of our girls leave the Romish Church to bow at our altars.

We occupy now a building erected by the generosity of Anderson Fowler and Richard Grant — princely givers, whose names are well known to Methodism. It was considered sufficiently large, when erected, for all demands, but God has prospered us beyond our thought. Into a building designed to accommodate 40 boarders we have crowded 60. In 1902 we registered beside the boarders 100 day pupils. Fifteen teachers are employed, eight of these being mission teachers, who live in the building. The course of study covers a period of eleven years. There is a splendid outlook for the future, had we sufficient room to allow us to seek more pupils. We need another building which

shall contain a large Assembly Hall. The largest room in the present building will not seat half of our pupils. For morning prayers we crowd as many as is possible into the main room, with its 40 single desks. This new building should afford us a gymnasium. Physical culture is just now beginning to demand attention. We must meet the demand. Then there should be recitation-rooms, dormitories, deaconess' headquarters, and, if possible, provision for our free chapel school. The building should be in style and finish such as will command the respect of our patrons.

A corner lot adjoining the college is now offered for sale — a property that we have long desired, but now desperately need. The lot, which is centrally located and on one of the best streets in the city, will cost \$10,000. The building will necessitate another \$10,000. The investment of this money will give a magnificent return in the spreading of Gospel light, in the winning of many jewels for the Master.

At Omaha the Missionary Committee sanctioned this appeal by the gift of the first \$2,000 toward its purchase. Who among the Lord's royal stewards is glad, in this appeal, to hear His voice today, glad to accept this privilege of extending His kingdom? Who will give to Methodism another Jesse Lee Home, Rust Hall, or Crandon Hall? The building shall receive the name of the donor, if this is desired. What monument more enduring could be erected?

The matter is before you. Do not disregard it. Let those whose hearts the Lord hath touched, send contributions to the Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. "The God of heaven He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build."

(Signed by Dr. H. K. Carroll.)

### THE YOUNG MAN AND THE CHURCH

EDWARD BOK.

From the Outlook.

NINE years ago I wrote a magazine article under the same title that this article bears. I contended then that the chief reason why the average young man did not attend church rested rather with the average minister than with the average young man himself. The claim was then made that ministers did not, in their sermons, give the young man "something worth coming for." The article evoked much discussion. There were several hundred commentary articles — chiefly of an editorial nature — from religious papers, a number of them reports of sermons. In all of them I was wrong. My premises were all wrong; my investigations of three years were incomplete. I did not know whereof I spoke. As we used to say in baseball, I was "batted all over the lot." I was even told that young men did go to church — thousands of them. It was a curious fact, however, that in some of the very churches in which this was preached there was, in several instances, barely a handful of young men.

I remember one Sunday attending services at a church whose pastor, it was announced, was to discuss my article. "All lies, all falsehood," he said. "A slander on our young men. They do go to church. Look around you." I did. So did others in the congregation. "You count, and I will, too," said I to a friend who was with me.

He counted thirty-one; I counted thirty young men. There were eight hundred and fifty people in the church!

"It would be infinitely better," said another preacher whom I heard, "if the author of that article could be seen in church himself some Sunday, instead of driving out every Lord's Day as he does." Then a strange halting in his sermon came to him as he chanced to follow the eyes of some of the members of his congregation who were all looking in the direction of one particular pew in that church! As one member said to me after that service: "At that point in his sermon, Dr. — reminded me of the man who, when he swallowed a dollar, didn't know whether he was a dollar in or a dollar out."

Nine years have now passed, and what is the condition of the church so far as the attendance of young men is concerned? The percentage of attending young men is eight per cent. less than it was then, and then it was only thirty per cent. Hence, only about twenty-two out of every one hundred young men, taken at random in the cities of the country, attend church on Sunday. In the country it would seem that a larger percentage attend; but I am speaking now of young men who live in some sixty-odd cities, large and small. And I am using the statistics gathered by churches and religious associations; so this time, at least, my figures cannot be gainsaid by the clergy.

What is the trouble? one naturally asks. What keeps this seventy eight per cent. of

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young men away from the church? I have been asking this question of a number of clergymen. Five years ago they said "the bicycle." During the past three years they have told me "golf! Sunday golf is the curse of our young men." A few have said "the Sunday newspaper;" but I notice this cause is not as often quoted to me as it was ten years ago. Still, there are more Sunday newspapers, and they are larger, too, in size, requiring even more time to read on Sundays. The bicycle, too, has disappeared somewhat from the minister's category of "Sunday curses to the young man." That may be, as one confident clergyman said to me: "We hit Sunday bicycling so hard from our pulpits that we simply shamed our young men from the practice. See how the bicycle trade is nearly dead. The church did it, because the Sabbath was violated!"

"But do these young men who used to bicycle on Sundays now come to church?" I asked.

"No," he said, "because the devil invented Sunday golf."

"Then you will direct your pulpit batteries at Sunday golf, I take it?" I said.

"Surely," he said. "It is the duty of every minister of God to attack this latest device of the devil to ruin our young men."

The next Sunday happened to be a rainy Sunday, and the minister knew that several men would be present who, if the day had been pleasant, would have been on the golf-links. So he fired a "broadside," as he called it afterwards, against Sunday golf. It offended four of the principal "supports" of the church, who, although they never played golf on Sunday, contended that the pulpit was not exactly the proper place for the denunciation of a sport, and muttered something about their going to church to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The minister defended his position; resented the right of his "supports" to dissent from his choice of topics for the pulpit; with the result that all four "trustees" left the church. A dozen "Sunday golfing" young men who always were regular attendants during the winter months, when the links were closed, likewise called for their "letters."

"No; I do not deny his right to an opinion on the subject," said one of the young men to me, "and I would have considered it perfectly proper for him to have spoken to me personally on the subject. But I feel that the pulpit is not exactly the place for the discussion of such subjects. I go to church to be taken out of myself, away from things secular; to be lifted a bit

higher; to have my mind refreshed; not to hear a sermon about golf, whether it be for or against!"

And I found, on individual inquiry, that each of the other young men felt substantially the same. They had gone to church to hear the Gospel and had gotten golf! "Too much like asking for bread and getting a stone," said one.

Not long after that the question of a renewal of the lease of a neighboring golf-links came up. Two women owned the land, and declared that no renewal of the club's lease would be considered save with the prohibition of Sunday golfing. "Their sons," they argued, "had forsaken the church for the links." The club officers protested, and as no agreement could be reached, the women suggested that a decision be left to the rector of the neighborhood Episcopal church. Both parties were to abide by the rector's decision. The club officers agreed, and the rector was called in. He listened to both sides, and then was asked his decision.

"Sunday golf, by all means," he said. The women gasped. "But, doctor," said one, "Carter and Reynolds always attended church, and now I cannot get either of them away from the links on Sunday."

"Well, my good sister," said the rector, "I should say that that was up to me. There must be something the matter with my preaching or with the church. The way to stop Sunday golf is to make Sunday preaching more effective. Men go where they fancy they get the greatest benefit."

The lease was renewed, and Sunday golf prevails on that links. But — go to that particular Episcopal church any inclement Sunday, or any Sunday in midwinter, or, for that matter, on many a Sunday when golfing is good on the links, which is right next door to the church, too, and you will see more young men present than at the services of any of the three other churches in that community. And each of these three other ministers have all fired a "broadside" at Sunday golf from their pulpits, as did one of their number cited above.

Strange, is it not, how a different result comes from a different point of view!

I had the curiosity to look into the attendance of young men at church in some eight communities in different parts of the country, where there were either no golf-links at all or Sunday golfing was prohibited. If golf kept young men from church, then surely, with no golf possible, these young men must be at church.

In these eight communities there were, all told, thirty-one churches, and the Young Men's Christian Associations nearest to these communities obtained for me the figures that in these communities there were sixteen hundred and forty young men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five in the neighborhood of these churches. Then I had secured for me the attendance, for four consecutive Sundays, of the number of young men, between the ages given, at each of these churches, with the result that the highest attendance at all the thirty-one churches combined, on any one Sunday, was four hundred and twenty-seven. Now, there was no Sunday golf possible in these communities, and yet twelve hundred and thirteen out of sixteen hundred and forty young men did not go to church! What was the reason here?

I asked all the clergymen. "Indifference to holy things," said several. "The deterioration of the modern young man," said others; and these two opinions represented nineteen out of thirty-one clergymen.

Then I asked the young men. I took nineteen of them.

"Not enough to go for," was substantially the verdict of eleven out of the nine-

teen. "What do you mean by that?" I asked in each case.

"Why, one doesn't get enough out of the sermons that are preached to make the effort worth while to go to hear them," said one young man.

"You don't get anything to carry away with you," said another.

"Why, Doctor — (mentioning the name of one of the ministers) isn't practical. It is all theory, theory, words, words. He doesn't seem to go out into the world among men. Too much old Palestine and, cloister study. Doesn't know men — only books. I thought it was myself, for a time. But father says the same, although it came hard for him to confess it. Now he doesn't go any more."

I asked the father of three strapping fine, manly fellows. "Yes," he said, "I know. Their mother and I have talked it over many a time. But, candidly, I do not blame them. I am a regular communicant at my own church, and sometimes I go to the other two churches round about here. But it is dismal preaching, at its best. No vitality; no — well, I don't know, no fine big note of hope in it. I can't blame my boys, really, I can't. Sometimes, well — sometimes I can't help feeling myself that the effort is hardly worth the while, as you say G — S — said."

I could not help thinking how far removed in their respective attitudes were the pew from the pulpit and the pulpit from the pew. The pot called the kettle black! But how could the gulf be spanned? Would preaching with "vitality" in it, would the preacher who gave a



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young man "something to carry away" with him, attract young men? If such preaching was going on, were the young men there? That was, evidently, my next channel of investigation. I looked around for such preachers. They were few! "But did you know of them?" some one may ask. But, I felt, how could I help knowing of them if they were there? Mr. Beecher's church had always been crowded with young men. Phillips Brooks was to thousands of young men a model of what a man and a preacher should be. The late Maltbie Babcock's congregations never lacked for young men. Dwight L. Moody never suffered for young men in his audiences, or in his home, for that matter. Dr. Gunsaulus reached young men. There were always young men in Dr. Rainsford's audiences—hundreds of them. George C. Lorimer's audiences never suffered for lack of young men. So it would seem as if they were willing to come if the right sermons were preached—that is, if a man spoke to men.

I finally selected seven ministers who each in their own five cities of residence fulfilled the young man's ideal of being a minister who either knew the every-day world of men and the needs of the men in that world, or who struck the big note of vitality in their sermons.

I had statistics made up for me. The five cities were well apart; the seven churches of different denominations. How many young men were there in the immediate neighborhood of these seven churches? I asked the different Young Men's Christian Associations to find out for me. Six thousand one hundred and ten was the count given. Then I had the statistics of the number of young men in these services for four consecutive Sundays collated. The average result of one Sunday's attendance was four thousand six hundred and fourteen—all between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. Then, young men will go to church—even in the face of Sunday golf; for, within three miles at the farthest, from any of these seven churches there were not less than nine golf-links, and, with one exception, all permitting Sunday golf!

Then I said to the ministers of these churches: "What keeps these fifteen hundred young men away from the church?"

"Perhaps our preaching," said one, with a smile. But the others said, "They're too tired on Sundays from their week-day work."

I went to some of the young men.

"Too tired when Sunday comes," was the most general reason given, and for once the pew and the pulpit were in accord.

"That is our problem here in the cities," said one of the ministers. "How to get young men to ease up in the week so that they won't reach Sunday morning tired out—too tired to get up, and only thankful for an hour or two of extra sleep and an easy breakfast as against the hurried snatch of a breakfast each week-day."

Forty men said to me in substance: "Sunday is the only day I have to get acquainted with my family. My children look forward to it, and I do, and when Sunday morning comes I like to walk out into the country with them, and in the winter in the park."

"I can't believe that a man who does that," remarked another young man of a family, who said practically the same thing, "is going to be eternally damned, and I don't like to go to church and be told that I will be."

"And he's right, dead right," said a clergyman when I repeated this man's statement. "No minister has a right or a basis for condemning such a man to hell or any other place."

"You don't believe, then," I asked, "that such a man is wrong in doing as he does?"

"No, God bless him! no," he said, with emphasis. "Let him take his children into the country or into the park. Let him go and play golf if he has no children, and needs the exercise. In either case he is doing himself good. When a man is locked up six days in a week, from eight until six, I don't blame him for wanting to be in the open all of Sunday—and if his conscience is clear, he is all right."

"Do you know what is the legitimate problem of the church with regard to that man?" asked this big man of God, as he looked me straight in the eye.

"Tell me," I said.

"It is for the church to strive for such social conditions that such a man need not work like a slave so that he reaches Sunday all tired out. No, it isn't Utopian; it is possible. The curse of the modern man is not Sunday golf or anything of that nature. It is money-madness, the inability to see, amid the hot pace of today, that there is something higher, bigger, better to live and strive for in the world than money-getting; to show him that he is happier with little than with much; to show him the thing that is worth while; to strip the externals from the kernel; to raise his manhood. That is religion—the real religion; that is the religion that the church should stand for; not whether a man is right or wrong if he plays golf or whether he goes to church."

"Most of these men," he continued, "are right, and I say it as a clergyman who has heard many others. The message that is delivered Sunday after Sunday from the average pulpit is rapid and meaningless to the man of affairs of today. Your man of the present requires a different preaching than did his father. He wants you to say something, and to say it without flourishes and in as short a time as possible. He has no time or patience with theories. He wants to know what is what—a living message full of the breath of vital life."

"When ministers preach that kind of sermon," concluded this man, "you or any one else won't be asking why fifteen hundred young men don't come to church. The churches will be asking how to seat the young men. As it is, my wonder is not that these fifteen hundred young men do

not go to church, but that the four thousand and odd you tell me about do go!"

And as we parted this minister said: "I have studied this question of the young man and the church for many years now, and I have come to the conclusion, whether we ministers choose to like it or not, that the fault lies as much with what we preach, if not a little more, as with the willingness of the young man to come and hear us. The young man'll come fast enough if you give him something to come for."

"Something to come for," I thought as I left this clergyman. These were the same words exactly that so many young men used to me.

Can it be, then, that so great a problem lies in so simple a solution:

"The young man'll come fast enough if you give him something to come for."

I wonder?

## SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE

REV. R. C. GROSE.

THE South India Conference held its 28th session in Bangalore, Jan. 27 to Feb. 1 inclusive, Bishops Warren and Thoburn presiding. The Conference was one of the best that we have had. Bangalore, beautiful for situation, delightful for climate, and most hospitable for entertainment, made an ideal meeting-place. The Bishops were in the best of health and spirits, and gave us of their time and talents without stint. J. B. Buttrick was elected treasurer, W. H. L. Balstone statistical secretary, and R. C. Grose secretary and corresponding secretary.

Gratifying increases were reported from all the districts in baptisms and workers. Godavery District especially, Rev. C. B. Ward, presiding elder, reported a remarkable revival at Jagdalpur—scores of inquirers seeking light and help, and many of them intelligently accepting Christ as their Saviour. During the year Rev. A. H. Baker, of the Vermont Conference, Rev. Herman Guze, of the Minnesota Conference, and Rev. A. H. Pemberton, of the Philadelphia Conference, came to this mission-field and were heartily received. Rev. Fawcett Shaw was transferred to the Bengal Conference, and Rev. H. G. Ozanne to the North India Conference; Rev. Ross De Sousa was appointed to leper work in the North India Conference; and Rev. W.

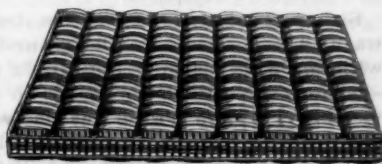
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H. Hollister goes home on extended furlough, so that we are one man short over last year, with the new men who have come. Consequently much embarrassment and difficulty met the Bishops and cabinet in adjusting the work. Five more missionaries are urgently needed here at once, to lead the great work of this Conference. Madras English Church and Secunderabad English Church had to be left without pastors, as there was no one to send. A slight increase of appropriation over last year was received from the Society, but it quickly disappeared in the face of heavy transit bills of homegoing and outcoming missionaries. Yea, it more than vanished, as we had to seriously cut the vernacular work or assume a debt. We chose the latter, hoping somehow or other to make it up later on. Two candidates were received on trial, and one of them, the son of Rev. C. B. Ward, was ordained a deacon and an elder under the missionary rule. Both of the candidates, A. L. Richards and W. T. Ward, can already preach in three languages—English, Telugu and Hindi. In this land of polyglot tongues these are the kind of missionaries greatly needed.

J. B. Buttrick, treasurer of the Conference, was elected ministerial delegate to the General Conference, and R. C. Grose, Conference secretary and corresponding secretary, was chosen as the reserve delegate. Arthur C. Davis, civil engineer in His Highness the Nizam's dominions, and a local preacher in the Hyderabad English Church, was elected lay delegate, and Mrs. I. O. Ernberger, reserve delegate, to the General Conference.

The visit of Bishop Warren to our Conference was a great joy and help. Stalwart and straight in body, wise in judgment, learned in counsel, academically and classically eloquent in speech, brotherly in sympathy, and most delightfully companionable, how quickly we learned to love him! May he long be spared to the church!

The Conference sent a resolution to the Central Conference, asking it to memorialize the coming General Conference to pass an enabling act to make a new Mission Conference, composed of the Godavery and Raipur Districts of the South India Conference (the latter district, by the way, being a new district formed from the Godavery District) and the Central Provinces District of the Bombay Conference. The wisdom of forming such a Conference is not apparent to some of us, but was much desired by the brethren on the field, and so we voted their way. Revs. C. B. Ward, G. K. Gilder and Dr. Johnson are the presiding elders in the contemplated new Mission Conference.

Bishop Thoburn was at his best, and warmed and stirred our hearts and heads with his wide reaching, optimistic visions—visions we believe to be by no means visionary. Bishop Warne was also with us, and lent his counsel and intimate knowledge of the details of the work to further the interests of the Conference. He is a born financier, and we hope that during his visit home he may be successful in loosening many pursestrings.

The work of the W. F. M. S. was reported as developing and increasing on all lines. Several workers have come during the year to re-enforce their numbers. A large school building and bungalow are in course of erection here in Hyderabad. Miss Alice Evans is the worthy founder and principal of this large and growing institution for girls. Bishops Warren and

Warne laid the corner-stones on Feb. 13, Bishop Warren delivering a great address on "Education."

Altogether the work of the Conference calls for much thanksgiving and praise to God. The outlook is inspiring. More mercy, men and money are our needs.

#### KOREAN LETTER FROM MISS JOSEPHINE PAINE

MRS. M. F. SCRANTON, a veteran missionary to Korea of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, who is now at home on leave, received a letter, April 4, from Seoul, bearing the date of March 1. The letter was from Miss Josephine O. Paine, who is principal of the Methodist Girls' School at Seoul. The letter, in part, was as follows:

"I venture to say the morning paper cannot come too early for you these days, and yet when it does reach you it is far from satisfactory. The reporters who are here say they do not know if what they send home goes as it is sent or not. Quite a number of reporters reached here while passenger steamers were still running. One correspondent got as far as Mokpo, and then came from there to Chemulpo in a sampan. It took him a week, and he had a hard time; but as he left fifty other reporters at Mokpo, who are still there trying to find some way by which to reach Seoul, I suppose he feels repaid for his efforts.

"First, about our Pyeng Yang missionaries. The women and children have everything packed ready to leave as soon as they can be brought away, but as yet a transport can go no farther north than Hailchou. Dr. Allen, the American Minister, says that if it becomes necessary, he will have them come overland to that place and have the transport meet them there, but we are hoping there will be no fighting just yet. On Sunday morning the Japanese met a number of Russian scouts some where near Kija's grave (near Pyeng Yang), but they retreated as soon as they were fired upon. The Japanese are keeping the ground warm between here and Pyeng Yang. Every day for more than two weeks they have been pouring into Seoul, and every morning for the past week or ten days they have been leaving for Pyeng Yang.

"We are feeling a little anxious about the people at Syen Chun. Dr. Allen telegraphed week before last for the women and children to go to Pyeng Yang. They telegraphed back to Pyeng Yang for coolies, and said they must bring their food to last going and coming, as everything along the way had been deserted, and there would be no way of getting anything to eat. Dr. Allen has word that Mrs. Kearns and Miss Samuels have reached Pyeng Yang, but as yet Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Sharrocks, their four children, and Miss Shields (these ladies are all Presbyterian missionaries) had not arrived. The Underwoods told us day before yesterday that Mr. Lee had gone out to meet them. It is supposed that they are alone, as all of the men were going to stay to do what they could to protect the property.

"We have had some long telegrams from our people asking us to advise them what to do about Dr. Esther Kim Pak's family, Susan No, and all the rest of the native workers. Mr. Noble has a place on the dis-



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trict about 165 li from Pyeng Yang where he thinks they will be perfectly safe, and many of the native Christians are going there. We sent word back by all means to have them go there. They can't get overland to Seoul, and if they could, we do not know how long we will be here to look after them. The Pyeng Yang missionaries may be taken direct to Shanghai, and we may have to go too, but of course we hope we will not.

"As I have already said, Seoul is full of Japanese troops. They are even quartering them on the Koreans. In all of the large houses the women have been put in the back rooms, and the front rooms have been given to the soldiers. I do not need to mention prices, for we are paying war prices, I can assure you. About the first of January, when Miss Frey and I saw what was coming, we bought rice and beans enough to keep the school children from being hungry until late spring, so we are having no New Year's vacation this year; and even today, the glorious fifteenth of the first moon, school is going on as on any ordinary day. We gave the girls a good feast on the first of the Chinese New Year, and one of the girls will be married the last of the week, and we will have something extra then. As for ourselves, our storeroom is in a very good condition, which is fortunate, as the stores are already running out of things. It has been almost a month now since any cargo or passenger steamers have come from Japan. The very last to come was the Russian steamer 'Sungari,' which brought the Bishop, and you have already heard of its fate. One small Korean steamer went

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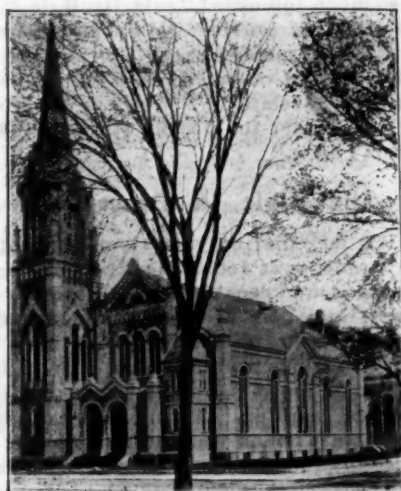
to Japan a couple of weeks ago, and the Bishop went on it.

"Last week the two youngest Avison children were very badly bitten by a mad dog, and the Japanese gave Dr. Avison permission to go to Japan with them on one of the transports. The mail is being brought on the transports, for which, of course, we are devoutly thankful; but that is all they bring except soldiers."

### Church Opening in Chelsea

The new church home of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Chelsea was opened Sunday, April 3, with fitting services. It is quite a significant fact that the Friday after the Tuesday on which the money was received for the sale of the Walnut Street Church property the people of the Cary Avenue Baptist Church voted to accept the offer of the First Methodist Episcopal Church for the purchase of their property. Sunday, Feb. 28, the closing exercises were held in the Walnut Street Church, and the following Sunday, March 6, the people of the First Methodist Episcopal Church were the guests of their Baptist friends in their new church home. In the transition from one church home to another not a single religious service was lost. In one week one church home was sold and another purchased.

The Cary Avenue Church property is purchased for \$15,000, including all the furnishings and equipment for work. The main auditorium will seat 700 people. The seats and trimmings are in black walnut, all is beautifully carpeted, and the organ is run by water power. To the rear, in a separate building connected with the main auditorium by hallway, yet with its own outside entrance, is a large chapel, completely furnished and carpeted, where the Sunday-school assemblies and the prayer-meetings are held. Back of this is a small chapel where the Epworth League and Intermediate Department of the Sunday-school hold their meetings. There is a spacious library connecting both rooms. Above the small chapel is the ladies' parlor, a room carpeted and well-furnished for the meetings of the various women's organizations of the church. Here, also, the primary department of the Sunday-school assemblies on Sunday. The valuation of the church property, as it comes to the Methodists, is rated at \$40,000. It is a new church home ready made for the society. All the people are united and happy in the outlook, and their location ideally com-



FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CHELSEA

mands the older and newer sections of the city for their work. They closed the Conference year with all bills paid for running expenses, and a balance in the treasury.

The opening exercises came on notable and significant days. Possession of the property was gained April 1, "Good Friday." It was suitably celebrated with the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. On Sunday, April 3, the first Sunday, the Easter day signified a resurrection time for the society and its work, which it was in truth, from the standpoint of material equipment. At 9:30 o'clock in the morning an old-fashioned "love-feast" was held by the pastor. At 10:30 o'clock he preached a sermon on the Resurrection, his subject being, "Our Pledge of

Immortality." In the evening at 7 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Franklin Hamilton, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, was present and made the address. His theme was, "The Mission of the Methodists." It was a thrilling discourse, and the large congregation attested their unrestrained satisfaction at the close in greetings tendered the speaker and pastor. Methodism claims the entire vicinity for God, and there is a deep determination in the hearts of the people to faithfully discharge their trust.

It is perhaps in season now to say that the pastor, Rev. W. W. Shenk, was the silent attorney for the Hebrew people, writing their documents which resulted in the sale of the



REV. W. W. SHENK

Walnut Street Church property to them, and directing them in their methods of procedure, till they required the services of an attorney-at-law. The fore part of last November he held a private and informal conference which laid the basis for committee work and arranged methods of approach, together with an understanding of what could best be done in committee work, which resulted in the purchase of the Cary Avenue Church. The church committees, with Mr. F. H. Matthews at their head, did most efficient service, exhibiting ability and grace. All the work was consummated by unanimous vote of the Society.

## THE CONFERENCES

### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

#### Brockton and Vicinity

*Preachers' Meeting.*—Rev. C. H. Ewer, of East Bridgewater, gave an address on "Our Probationary System of Membership."

*Bridgewater.*—The returning pastor, Rev. L. B. Coddington, and family, were cordially received. A public reception was given, at which the appreciation of the church and congregation was unmistakably expressed.

*Stoughton.*—The Ladies' Aid Society recently held a very successful "dollar social." The men of the church are to try their abilities in a

men's supper. Rev. E. McP. Ames continues the work here.

*East Bridgewater.*—Mrs. Marcia C. Harger, the eldest member of this church and said to be the eldest Methodist in our Conference, passed to her heavenly home, April 1. She lived to the advanced age of 101 years. The dedication of the new meeting-house is delayed on account of the organ. The building and all its appointments are excellent, and will be a joy and pride to the worshipers.

*North Easton.*—This charge is to be congratulated on the return of Rev. P. M. Vinton for the fifth year. A fine audience greeted him on the opening Sunday.

*East Weymouth.*—Easter was a notable day. The pastor, Rev. William H. Butler, received 19 probationers. After their reception they had their first communion together. It was an impressive service. The sermon, music and spirit were all in harmony with the day.

*Brockton, Central.*—The sudden and serious illness of the pastor, Rev. J. S. Wadsworth, cast a gloom over church circles throughout the city. He is slowly improving, although it may be weeks before he can use his voice. Rev. G. E. Mossman, of Pearl St., occupied the pulpit on Easter Sunday morning.

*Franklin Church.*—Much regret was expressed over the entirely unexpected removal of Rev. A. W. C. Anderson. With true Methodist loyalty, however, Rev. R. M. Wilkins was welcomed and bidden Godspeed in his work.

*Pearl St.*—The Sunday-school has been organized into a Missionary Society "according to the disciplinary plan." The pastor will answer that question, at the next quarterly conference, without mental reservation. Rev. G. E. Mossman is the efficient "student supply."

*South Street.*—The pastor, Rev. S. E. Ellis, finds the work of the third year opening very encouragingly. The Sunday-school is engaged in an attendance contest, which is creating an added interest in this department. The school reports \$121 as its contribution for missions last year. This is an advance of 33 per cent. This church also boasts the largest band of Standard Bearers, and of King's Heralds, in the Conference.

*Whitman.*—The church is feeling the effects of the business boom in the east end of the town. Losses and removals have been the order for the last few years in Whitman, hence the incoming is the more welcome. The pastor received every evidence of cordiality and good will over his reappointment. He expects this (the fourth) year to be the best. Rev. H. W. Brown is the pastor.

*South Braintree.*—Special Holy Week services were planned. The pastor, Rev. A. E. Legg, was unable to attend, being confined to his bed some of the time and to the house all of the time during the week. Neighboring pastors preached, Revs. S. E. Ellis and Wm. H. Butler assisting. As soon as the pastor was sufficiently recovered the parsonage was taken possession of by delighted parishioners. They left early, and numerous articles of commercial value, beside. A well-filled envelope was placed in the pastor's hands by one who is used to performing that delicate operation. It was an old-fashioned pound party, with all the objectionable features left out.

*Personal.*—Rev. J. S. Thomas, one of our honored superannuates, is about to take up his residence with his daughter, Mrs. Severn Tyler,



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the shine will last. Will not cake on the iron.  
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745 Park Ave., Collingswood, N. J., a suburb of Philadelphia. Resolutions of regret were unanimously adopted.

At the May meeting, Rev. P. M. Vinton has been requested to give his address on "Great Preachers whom I have Heard." Ministers' wives are invited. L. S.

#### Norwich District

**Baltic and Versailles.**—A very cordial welcome has been extended to the newly-appointed pastor, Rev. C. T. Hatch. The Versailles Church led off in a reception to the pastor and his family, which was largely attended and a very enjoyable occasion. The following week the people at Baltic gave a reception, in which a pleasant literary and musical program was followed by an address of welcome by Mr. Harold Lawton, the superintendent of the mills. Introductions and sociability filled up a very successful opening to the work of the Conference year. The new church is progressing rapidly, and it is expected to be ready for dedication in June. Mr. Lawton and his associates are doing all in their power to make the church an honor to Methodism. The people of Baltic have given generously to the enterprise. Only \$2,800 are required to complete the work, and it is earnestly hoped that some of the Lord's stewards outside of Baltic will take this work upon their hearts and come to the assistance of these burden-bearers.

**Vernon.**—A largely-attended reception to the pastor, Rev. James Tregaskis, and his wife attested the great pleasure of the people in his return to them for another year. Warm words of welcome were spoken by the representatives of the different departments and organizations of the church, to which Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis responded in a happy manner. A literary and musical program was finely rendered. A week later the board of stewards made a surprise visit to the parsonage in honor of the pastor's birthday. Several gifts, including a birthday cake with initials, a fountain pen, a book, and a sum of money, made glad the heart of the worthy and astonished pastor. Light refreshments were served by Mrs. Tregaskis, and a season of earnest prayer brought spiritual refreshment to the hearts of all.

**Moosup.**—In connection with the largely-attended and very successful Easter concert, under the efficient management of Supt. C. F. Burgess, Mr. Harry L. Wilson, as spokesman for the congregation, welcomed the returning pastor, Rev. S. M. Beale, and presented him with \$50 in gold, nicely secured in a souvenir box. The happy pastor was greatly surprised, but found suitable words in which to respond heartily to this expression of friendship and co-operation.

**Warehouse Point.**—It is safe to say that no church in the Conference got ahead of this warm-hearted and devoted people in extending a welcome to the returning pastor. Conference closed in New Bedford on Monday afternoon. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Dunnack, took the first train for home, about a hundred and fifty miles, and on Tuesday evening a delightful reception was tendered to pastor and family. Judge M. H. Bancroft and Hon. S. D. Rockwell expressed the warmth of the welcome which the church and community extended to the pastor who has endeared himself to them by his genial Christian character and his untiring labors for their good. Mrs. Douglas King, the sweet singer of Thompsonville, delighted the people with her solos, and abundant refreshments were served. The local papers credited "Scriptum" with being present and making an address. This was to have been (as we learned afterwards), but failing to get a like hustle on us after the adjournment of Conference, we did not reach home in season to keep pace with this almost ahead-of-time people. Mr. Dunnack is a hustler (he got home from Conference

Monday at midnight), and, in this case, there is convincing evidence that a hustling preacher makes a hustling people. SCRIPTUM.

### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

#### Cambridge District

**Cambridge, Grace Church.**—April 13, this church gave to Rev. and Mrs. Oliver W. Hutchinson a splendid farewell reception. A large number of people assembled in the vestry, which was tastefully arranged; an orchestra discoursed sweet music; addresses were made by Mr. John F. Baskin, who presided, L. C. Robinson, Miss S. Isabel Downs, Mr. I. A. Priest, and by the retiring pastor and his wife. Elegant presents were made to Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, and the people filed past to say a regretful farewell. Mr. Hutchinson has served the church five years.

**Waltham, Asbury Temple.**—Gradually but surely this church is coming back to its old-time strength. Every communion service witnesses substantial additions to its membership. During the past three years all current expenses have been met without the "agony days" so common in churches. At the recent Annual Conference the benevolent collections from this church showed a gain over last year of 55 per cent., and over three years ago of 180 per cent. At the third quarterly conference the return of the pastor, Rev. L. W. Staples, was unanimously requested for the fourth year, and pastor and people are consequently happy that their request has been granted. Mr. and Mrs. Staples anticipate a trip to the Pacific Coast in connection with the General Conference in Los Angeles. They start April 26, to be gone five or six weeks. The official board, at a recent meeting, generously granted them a vacation through the month of May, and leave of absence for as much longer time as might be necessary to make the trip. During the absence of Pastor Staples, Rev. Jesse Wagner will supply the pulpit, and be resident pastor.

**Gardner.**—At the fourth quarterly conference of the Chestnut Street Church, Gardner, an appreciative resolution was unanimously passed by the stewards and trustees in regard to the earnest, faithful and successful work of Rev. and Mrs. John H. Mansfield during the past five years. On the evening of the 15th a reception was tendered them by the church and congregation, at which a large representation of the townspeople was present as well, and they leave for their new charge at Gleasondale with the best wishes of the Gardner people. During Mr. Mansfield's term of service the mortgage on the church property has been paid, and the society relieved of a burden which it had been bearing for some twenty-five years. The membership of the church has more than doubled, and he is leaving the charge in excellent working order; and although he has been in active pastoral work for forty-seven years, he is still young in heart, and it is his intention to round up an even fifty years in the pulpit.

**South Framingham.**—On Tuesday evening, at his return from Conference, a most hearty reception was given to the pastor, Rev. Dr. N. T. Whitaker, and his wife. The entire church and community seem very glad that they have returned for another year. The church is in a flourishing condition. A large number have united with the Sunday-school during the past six months, Mr. H. B. Simons, superintendent. The Chinese Sunday-school is full of interest and steadily increasing under the superintendency of Mr. I. J. Ferguson. The gatherings of the Epworth League are large and enthusiastic. Its missionary department has a fine class studying "The Princely Men of the Heavenly Kingdom." These Epworthians are a very important element in the spiritual work of the church, Mr. Clifford Smith, president. The Junior League (Mrs. H. S. Whitaker, superintendent) is large, flourishing, and doing among the young people an exceptionally fine work. The Ladies' Aid Society (Mrs. Mitchell, president) is a healthy and powerful social factor. The outlook for the coming year is full of promise.

#### Springfield District

[Rev. F. M. Estes, who has served so satisfactorily as reporter of Springfield District, having resigned, Rev. Charles E. Davis, of Westfield, is appointed his successor, and ministers are re-

### A NOTRE DAME LADY

I will send free, with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping Feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, to all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue, it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it; that is all I ask. If you are interested, write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 183, Notre Dame, Ind.

quested to send all items of interest promptly to him. — ED ZION'S HERALD.]

The presiding elder, Rev. W. G. Richardson, enters on his second year with bright prospects. Few changes in appointments have been made. Four of the brethren, Rev. W. I. Shattuck, of Easthampton, Rev. C. E. Holmes, of Northampton, Rev. H. S. Dow, of Shelburne Falls, and Rev. C. F. Rice, of Wesley, Springfield, enter upon their fifth years, Dr. Rice entering the seventh if we add the St. Luke's pastorate; and two others, Rev. James Sutherland, of Orange and South Athol, and Rev. G. R. Moody, of South and West Worthington, return for their sixth years.

**Orange.**—New life and enthusiasm bless this charge. The last communion service was the largest in the history of the church. Twelve were received—7 from probation, 1 on probation, 4 by letter. The Easter services were filled with interest. The pastor, Rev. James Sutherland, in five years has added nearly one hundred to the membership, besides paying \$1,200 on the indebtedness of the church. All current expenses have been paid.

**Springfield, St. James.**—The pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark, returns for his fourth year. The church is thoroughly alive, the men's club doing splendid work. On the Sunday of Conference a very large congregation assembled to hear Prof. H. G. Mitchell of Boston University. He gave his illustrated lecture on the Holy City. Many clergymen of the Methodist and other denominations, who had been students of the Professor, availed themselves of this exceptional privilege of hearing their friend and former teacher. C. E. D.

### Did Not Do It

A YOUNG man deeply impressed with the great amount of work accorded to Dr. Edward Everett Hale asked the doctor one day how he did it. "Since you are so much interested," said Dr. Hale, "I will tell you, provided you keep it a secret." "I promise," said the inquirer, with an air of one about to receive a remarkable revelation. "Well, to tell you the truth," said the Doctor, with a wink, "I don't do it."

### The Bible in Education

THE fact that only two out of eighty students at Johns Hopkins University were found capable of identifying two biblical quotations used in a newspaper editorial betokens something more than a lack of religious training on the part of the new generation as represented at that institution of learning. A knowledge of the Scriptures is not only an essential part of a Christian education, but it is also essential to a broad and thorough English education, and it is as important that the student of English should build up his knowledge of our language with this as one of the main foundation stones as that he should raise the fabric of his religious belief upon the same sub-structure. "The Bible first,

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are sweeter toned and better made than ordinary organs. They are used and recommended by such song-writers as E. O. Excell and Chas. H. Gabriel. Our direct-from-factory selling saves middle dealers expense. We send on trial. You pay after organ arrives—cash or payments. Write for catalogue and factory prices. Mention this paper. WILLIAMS ORGAN & PIANO CO. 57 Washington St., Chicago.



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"Shakespeare afterwards," is a rule worthy of the professors of our language and literature, and one in following which they will make no mistake. — *Pittsburg Leader.*

**"Churches Must Deal with Graft"**

From the Boston Herald, April 18.

"The American spirit is the spirit of graft." These words of Lincoln Steffens in a recently published series of articles on the shame of American cities, were taken as the theme of Rev. A. A. Berle's remarks, Sunday evening, in the Crombie Street Church, Salem.

"It is worth while to observe," said Dr. Berle, "that this is not the description of a prophet and reformer. It is the description of a factual narrator, who sought to find out only the truth as it exists. In the face of such an indictment it becomes a question, not for the politicians, nor for the sociologists, nor for the college professors, but for the clergy and the churches, to deal with."

"The religion of a nation is generally considered the custodian of its honor and honesty. If, therefore, the honor of the nation seems to be at a low ebb and its honesty conspicuously wanting, it is also a fair statement of the corollary truth that vital religion has also lost its force and no longer holds men under the exacting sway or binding influence of the moral law. Is the Christianity of America also under the dominion of 'graft'?"

"It is certain that generally the church has never spoken with such power and vigor for social righteousness as it does at this moment. It is probably safe to say that the ministers are more generally than any other class active for the betterment of social conditions. There is no single cause, not even the cause of the family, which is the most vital and fundamental one before the people today, upon which Christianity is presenting a united, clear and concordant note. With divorces multiplying for causes growing annually more trivial, the church, as a whole, has not and does not now offer a united and decisive note of resistance. If the church, as a whole, will not unite in the protection of the family, what shall we say of the rest?"

"Never was the pitiful division of reform forces brought into bolder outline than it is in the history of the shame of American municipal life. Where reform is achieved it is usually, as in St. Louis or New York, through the might and heroism of a single individual who has first to convert the moral elements of society to his way of thinking, who then flock to his support only when he no longer needs it. The time to help the men who are battling for reform is when the hardest blows are being struck."

"The American spirit, when discovered and brought into activity and power, cannot be the

**A FORTUNE IN EGGS**

I get so many letters from my old home about preserving eggs that I will answer them through your paper. I started 1888 with \$86, bought eggs at 8 to 10 cents in summer, preserved them and sold in winter at from 25 to 30 cents a dozen. I preserved eggs 12 years and made \$80,000. My niece started in 1894 with \$10, which she reinvested each year with the profits, and now she has \$16,346, all made from \$10, reinvested for eight years. You can buy eggs from 8 to 10 cents and sell them from 25 to 30; figure the profits yourself. To preserve them costs a cent a dozen. I can't answer letters, as I travel, but any person can get desired information by addressing the PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., No. 5 Moore Bldg., New Concord, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp; they started me. This is a good business for city or country.

O. GREEN.

grafting spirit. The universal indictment must, of course, fail. But it is true that too many of those who should be the natural defenders of justice, the natural enemies of grafters, the natural allies of righteousness and truth, get themselves entangled in the coils of the serpent by accepting small favors, by enjoying small immunities, and become silenced forever. American Christianity in this matter is as truly on trial as American civilization. We must rally the forces of law and order. We must call things by their biblical names. We must oppose aggressive graft by organized and aggressive righteousness.

**Another Pilgrimage to Epworth**

Soon after the formation of the Epworth League Rev. J. T. Docking, Ph. D., who was one of the famous twenty-seven originals at Cleveland, conceived the idea of taking a party to Epworth, the little village in Lincolnshire, England, that had given to the world the Wesleys and the name for our young people's organization. This idea at once became very attractive, and in the summer of 1891 nearly forty Americans sailed on the First Pilgrimage to Epworth. The uniform success and popularity of these unique educational tours, visiting the sacred places so dear to all Methodists, have made it possible for their continuance, and the Fourth Pilgrimage to Epworth will sail from Boston on the beautiful steamer, "Devonian," on July 6 next, under the personal guidance of Rev. J. T. Docking of the New England Southern Conference. Exceedingly low rates have been secured, and a most inspiring tour is expected. Details of the arrangements will be furnished by addressing the Epworth Pilgrimage Secretary, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

**CHURCH REGISTER**

**HERALD CALENDAR**

Richmond (Me.) Camp meeting. Aug. 12-22  
 Ithiel Falls Camp-meeting, Johnson, Vt., Aug. 26-Sept. 4

**POST OFFICE ADDRESSES**

Rev. F. K. Stratton, D. D., 654 Main St., Melrose, Mass. Tel., 68-3.  
 Rev. Herbert E. Foss, D. D., 812 Fourth Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

**WANTED.**—Two preachers. One for single charge paying \$400 and furnished parsonage, and one for double charge paying \$500 and furnished parsonage. New Bedford District, New England Southern Conference. Address, giving references,

W. I. WARD, Presiding Elder,  
 59 Berkley St., Fall River, Mass.

**WESLEY BROTHERHOOD CHARTER.**—The beautiful new charter of "The Wesley Brotherhood—the Brotherhood of the Methodist Episcopal Church," is now ready for distribution. The fee for the charter is \$1. Pastors or officers of the chapters should apply to the president, Dr. T. B. Neely, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city; the corresponding secretary, Rev. Gladstone Holm, 1332 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia; or the assistant corresponding secretary, Rev. H. H. Meyer, Madison, N. J.

After the grip, or other serious illness, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take to restore the appetite and strength.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**—In the latter part of the year 1798 a Methodist class was formed under the supervision of Rev. Aaron Humphrey at Bristol, Pemaquid, Maine. I suspect he was born in the town of Gray, Me., and moved West many years since. Will any one favor me with his ancestors and descendants?

S. P. MAYBERRY.

Knightville, Maine.

**Card of Thanks**

To all our brethren of the Maine Conference, who at its recent session manifested in such a substantial manner their sympathy and love we return our sincere thanks and pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them and their work.

EUGENE W. KENNISON.  
 HATTIE E. M. KENNISON.

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**NOTICE.**—Rev. I. T. Johnson has left the pastorate, and is to enter the evangelistic field again. Any one wishing his services can write him at Perkinsville, Vt.

**EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION.**—The Evangelistic Association of New England will hold a public meeting in Park St. Church, Tuesday evening, April 26, at 7:30 o'clock. The general secretary, Mr. S. M. Sayford, will present a report of the work, and Mr. John Willis Baer will deliver an address.

**Marriages**

**SPENCE—DOLAN.**—At Roxbury, Boston, April 6, by Rev. W. L. D. Twombly, Harry George Spence, of Roxbury, and Katharine E. Dolan, of Woburn.

**LEAVITT—HASTINGS.**—At Newton Lower Falls, April 7, by Rev. W. L. D. Twombly, William Leavitt and Nina F. L. Hastings, both of Boston.

**TWO MEN WANTED** for two charges on Dover District, New Hampshire Conference, about forty miles from Dover, and one hundred from Boston. Each charge pays \$375 and house. Kind people; abundant opportunities for hard work; sure rewards from Jesus Christ. Address  
 J. M. DURRELL, Presiding Elder,  
 Dover, N. H.

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 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.



## OBITUARIES

They whom God sent us, robed in sacred light,  
Out of His sky,  
With snow and roses, stars and sunbeams  
bright—  
Too beautiful they must be in His sight  
Ever to die.

Out of the years bloom the eternities;  
From earth-clogged roof  
Life climbs through leaf and bud by slow de-  
grees  
Till some far cycle heavenly blossoms sees,  
And perfect fruit.

And nothing dies that ever was alive;  
All that endears  
And sanctifies the human must survive;  
Of God they are, and in His smile they thrive—  
The immortal years.

— Anon.

**Sylvester.**—Rev. Alanson R. Sylvester was born in Etna, Penobscot County, Maine, April 1, 1827, and died in South Walpole, Mass., March 10, 1904.

He was converted to God in Biddeford, Maine, in 1852, during the pastorate of Rev. Henry M. Blake, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation. The following year he was received into the church in full membership at Kent's Hill by Rev. Geo. Webber, D. D. While a student of this institution his ability as a speaker, his earnestness and piety, impressed the church, and he was there licensed to preach by Rev. D. B. Randall, presiding elder. In 1846 Bishop Scott ordained Mr. Sylvester to the office of deacon at Farmington, and in 1860 Bishop Baker ordained him to the office of elder, the Conference being held at Gorham.

Our deceased brother had the advantages of the schools. His first instruction was received in the common schools of his native town. Preparing for academic work, he registered as a student of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, and from this institution he went to the General Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., graduating in 1856. For thirty-five years Mr. Sylvester labored for the glory of God and the salvation of souls in our Conference. He was faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his ministerial duties; he belonged to the class of men who were inwardly moved by the Holy Spirit to represent the office and work of the Christian ministry; he knew God, and from a deep experience of the things of God presented the Gospel of redeeming love to others. It was his delight to follow in the path of those who planted Methodism in Maine. His gospel was: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men calling unto them to repent." The word was confirmed with "signs following." God gave him precious souls as a seal of his ministry. He was a preacher of marked ability. With zeal born of God he served acceptably the following charges: Yarmouth, Cape Elizabeth, Kennebunk, Woodfords, Berwick, Elliot, Fairfield, Farmington, Winthrop, Skowhegan, Bowdoinham, Cornish, Newfield, Gorham, N. H., Bridgton, Bethel, Falmouth, Cumberland, and Orr's Island. For some ten years Mr. Sylvester held a superannuate relationship with his Conference. During most of that time he resided in Old Orchard, and was respected and beloved by the church and townspeople.

It was not only his honor and privilege to serve under the banner of the Cross, but also under the ensign of liberty, freedom and equality. When his country was engaged in deadly conflict with treason and rebellion, he offered his life for the cause of union and freedom, serving in the 25th Maine regiment, volunteer in infantry. As a member of the Masonic fraternity he stood four squared.

In the home our brother was king. As a father and husband his true worth and wealth of goodness were best known and appreciated. A wife, daughter and son survive to mourn a great loss. Our brother has gone home. He was one of the valiant who "fought the fight and kept the faith." He was one of the victors who could

exultantly cry: "Where, O death, is thy victory? Where, O death, is thy sting?" His victory was a present and permanent possession; his citizenship was in the enduring kingdom; his life was in the imperishable.

Funeral service was conducted in Chestnut Street Church, Portland, by Rev. Fred A. Leitch and Rev. Howard Clifford. The interment took place at Oak Hill. F. A. L.

**Perkins.**—Miss Agosta Perkins was born in Biddeford, Me., in 1831, and died in Old Orchard, Me., March 22, 1904.

Miss Perkins was converted in Biddeford when quite young, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church there, remaining an active and valued member for forty years. Removing to Old Orchard, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church there, and became one of its staunch and warm supporters. In the cause of truth and righteousness Miss Perkins was always on the right side. She had a zeal for God and His cause that made her jealous for the good of spiritual Israel.

Being noble in heart, high-minded in thought, all that was of good report found response in her life. She appreciated the good, the genuine, the substantial. As a friend to the pastors she had no compeer. True blue, loyal and faithful, loving the household of God, she was always found in her place. The cause at Old Orchard has lost a true friend. Death came suddenly. God called; she answered: "Here am I." "Servant of God, well done!" F. A. L.

**Pickering.**—The church in Peabody, Mass., mourns the loss of Mrs. Sally Weeks Pickering, who passed to the heavenly home, Jan. 8, 1904. She was born in Eaton, N. H., Sept. 21, 1826.

In early womanhood she married Mr. William Snell, but was soon left a widow. By a second marriage she became the wife of Mr. William H. Pickering. While quite young she was converted and joined the Freewill Baptist Church in her native town. On her removal to Peabody she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She had a rare Christian character, and was devoted to the church and all its interests, always in her place at the Sunday and week-night services unless prevented by illness.

During her last sickness Mrs. Pickering's greatest grief was in being deprived of the means of grace, but it was a source of much gratification to her that she had attended as long as she was able. One day, in talking with a friend, she said: "I would like to go to church once more, that I might exhort the people to seek the Lord. I would like to say to the young people, 'Don't fall out by the way!'" She was ever mindful of the comfort of her pastor and his family, always bringing cheer and inspiration in her visits to the parsonage.

Although a great sufferer for many weeks, she maintained her cheerful and patient disposition to the end, which was peaceful and triumphant. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Sally Spofford, who tenderly ministered to her mother during her long illness.

The funeral services, held at her home, were conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. G. W. Mansfield, of Lynn, and Revs. O. F. Sanford and W. H. Dearborn, of the Universalist Church, of which the daughter is a member. Surely, "the memory of the just is precious." J. W.

**Bush.**—Mrs. Ruth A. Bush was born in South Somerset, Mass., March 8, 1807, and died in the same place, Jan. 21, 1904, being nearly 97 years old.

She was the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ruth (Coace) Read. In early life she was converted, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Somerset. She was married in 1830 to Oliver Hazard Bush, and her membership was transferred to First Church, Fall River. She retained her membership in that church until St. Paul's Church of the same city was organized, when she and her husband became charter members. After her husband's death, in 1872, she returned to South Somerset and connected herself with the church of her childhood. Being richly endowed in both mind and body, she made friends wherever she lived. There was a charm about her personality which attracted, pleased and captivated people. In the home, the church, and in society she was admired, respected and loved. Down to the close of her life she was thoughtful

and solicitous of others. The Church of Christ was dear to her, and she was willing to work and sacrifice and pray for its success.

About twelve years ago she fell and hurt herself so severely that she was afterward confined to her bed or to a rolling chair. The last years of her life were filled with sorrow and suffering, being bereft of two brothers, two sisters, and two sons. A sister and a son were members of her own household. During her afflictions she was never known to murmur or repine against the will of her Heavenly Father; but she was sweet, patient, submissive and resigned. She felt and found that the grace of God was sufficient, and on that grace she depended. A few years before her death her eyesight failed her. She was very fond of having "Thoughts for the Thoughtful" read to her from ZION'S HERALD, but her greatest comfort was in the Bible. During her feebleness her daughter, Caroline, ministered to her in the most thoughtful and tender spirit.

When the end came she was ready, and had a desire to depart and be with Christ. In life and in death she was calm, tranquil and triumphant. She felt tired, fell asleep, and was not, for God took her.

Dr. M. J. Talbot, who was present and took part in the funeral service, bore testimony to her worth and excellent traits of character. In 1844 he was placed in charge of the church of which she was a member, and being very young he was pondering in his mind whether he should become a lawyer or continue in the ministry; but a conversation with her convinced him of his duty, and he lived to thank her.

A son and two daughters survive her—William and Caroline Bush, and Mrs. Cary, of Baltimore. J. THOMPSON.

**Ginn.**—The death of Charles F. Ginn, which occurred, Oct. 28, 1903, touches a wide circle of friends and relatives in Belfast, Me., and vicinity, where for more than a quarter of a century he has been respected and honored as a business man of sterling integrity.

He was born in Prospect, Me., Jan. 9, 1847. He attended the East Maine Conference Seminary in Bucksport, but owing to ill-health was obliged to leave before graduating. He came to Belfast in 1872, and was employed in a grocery store until 1874, when he became partner with the late Alfred G. Ellis.

Mr. Ginn married Miss Susan Ellis, who died Aug. 28, 1868, and to them were born two daughters—Misses Isabella and Emory. He began to fail in health in the early part of the summer, and in October, by the advice of physicians, gave up business. Oct. 17 he took his bed, and from that time failed rapidly until the end.

Converted in early manhood, Mr. Ginn spent the remainder of his life most earnestly striving to know and to do the will of God. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was one of its most devoted workers. For many years he gave valued service to the church in the offices of steward, trustee, Sunday-school superintendent and class-leader.

He was greatly interested in municipal affairs, and was a member of the board of aldermen from 1882 to 1885, and of the school committee in 1891 and 1895. Mr. Ginn is survived by two daughters and one brother, Capt. A. A. Ginn, of Prospect, Me., and three sisters—Mrs. Mary H. Smith, of Prospect; Mrs. O. M. Snow, of Norfolk, Conn.; and Miss Almira Ginn, of Damariscotta. The city, church, and family mourn because a good citizen, a consistent Christian,

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and a loving father and brother has gone out from them, but all rejoice in his memory.

E.

**Blackman.**—Jennie Hill Blackman was born in South Paris, Maine, July 30, 1860, and died in Augusta, Me., Jan. 3, 1904.

She was married, Oct. 30, 1900, to Augustus J. Blackman, who survives her. She was converted in early life, and through all the after years was a willing and efficient worker in the church. All her life she lived in the atmosphere of music. The great masters were ever her inspiration. The gift of music that she had received from God was used to make glad His temple, to guide the weary into ways of peace, and to educate others in spiritual values.

She was the special friend of the boys. In all departments of church work they gathered about her for advice and direction. Being dead, she speaks through many splendid young lives of things fine and noble, of things that never die. She lived the simple life of one who had learned faith, patience and love from the Christ. The beauty and strength of a glorified life were her testimony in class and prayer service; but more—you knew it was real through her refined and gentle life, her intelligence and culture, her devoted and generous services. Mrs. Blackman served the Master with rare efficiency. Whether in training children, in directing choirs, in mission work, or in temperance reform, she gave the service of a cultured mind and heart. The three churches of South Paris, Old Orchard and Augusta, to which she gave her life in the Master's name, will treasure her memory as a source of un-failing inspiration. Together we say: "Blessed are the dead when they live with increasing nobility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them!" H. E. D.

**Dolloff.**—Abram Dolloff was born, March 20, 1818, and died at his home in Bristol, N. H., Feb. 28, 1904, aged 85 years, 11 months, 13 days.

On Saturday, Feb. 20, Mr. Dolloff was stricken with pneumonia, and the next day his decease was expected within a few hours; but later he rallied so rapidly that hopes were entertained of his recovery. This condition did not long continue, and complications ensued that caused his death. The death of Mr. Dolloff removes from the business world and from the church one of the landmarks of the town. He was a son of Abraham and Rachel (Locke) Dolloff, and was born on the Dolloff farm near Moore's Mills, March 20, 1818. Of nine children, he was the last survivor. In 1835, when only seventeen years of age, he commenced his business career by buying and selling cattle, and was in the cattle and meat business continuously during his long life. His active business life covered a period of sixty-four years.

Mr. Dolloff's membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church covered a period of sixty-three years. He was for twenty-five years a class-leader, and for sixty-two years a member of the official board. For many years, including the time when a new church was built in 1871, he was the treasurer of the board of trustees. He was a liberal supporter and active participant in all the institutions of the church, and his death removes not only the oldest member, but one of the last of those who were active in the church a half-century ago. He had a very marked conversion, and his testimony was always full of rich experience. He was quite closely connected with the ministry, though not in it himself.

Feb. 22, 1838, Mr. Dolloff married Lydia Nelson. After nearly sixty-three years of wedded life she died, Dec. 20, 1900, aged 82 years. To them were given eight children, four of whom died in infancy (three within the space of six weeks); two talented daughters were cut down by consumption in early womanhood, and two survive—Mrs. Myra S., the wife of Rev. George J. Judkins, and Mrs. Emma H. Cass. He also leaves three grandchildren—Rev. Charles O. Judkins, Anne L., the wife of Rev. Leon K. Willman, and Howard H. Cass—and three great grandchildren.

His home was always a place where our preachers were especially welcomed. He has

gone from our midst in the "faith," but his influence will be felt for many years to come.

C. L. C.

**Bryant.**—Nathaniet J. Bryant was born in Jacksonville (East Machias), Maine, April 25, 1853, and died in McMurray, Washington, Feb. 1, 1904.

Although he had traveled quite extensively, most of his life was spent in the neighborhood of his birth, which was very dear to him, and where he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1897. He was very much in earnest in his Christian life, manfully taking up its crosses and cheerfully fulfilling the duties it imposed upon him. His ready wit and pleasing conversation made him an ever-welcome guest, and his kind heart and friendly actions endeared him to all who became acquainted with him.

June 28, 1902, he started for the State of Washington, which he had previously visited some two or three times, hoping that the climate of the Pacific Coast might prove beneficial, as his lungs had been troubling him for some time, and also thinking to derive benefit from a worldly point of view. In less than two months his family joined him in that far Western State, while friends and neighbors left behind sorrowed over the removal.

Not long had they been in their Western home, however, before misfortune came upon them, and the wife and mother was obliged to go to the hospital for surgical treatment. Shortly after this Mr. Bryant was obliged to go to the same place, and very soon that fatal malady, consumption, asserted its claim; but though everything possible was done for the sufferer, nothing could stay the progress of that dread disease. The Bible was his constant companion, and when unable to read for himself the members of his family performed the labor of love for him, reading all the book of Revelation, as well as many other favorite chapters. During the last of his sickness his mind seemed to dwell on the friends Down East, and he frequently called for familiar hymns "sung in the prayer-meetings down home," and would mention old friends whose voices he fancied he heard in the music. When at last he heard the summons, "Child, come home," he peacefully passed to the "blissful beyond," leaving a suffering wife and three sons, as well as a great many friends, to sorrow and mourn over the great loss they have sustained. Yet we sorrow not as those without hope, for we know he waits beyond the river to welcome the dear ones within the gates ajar. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." S. M. BOWLES.



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### WHAT WILL CHINA DO ?

THE world just now seems to be waking up to consider one element of the war-problem in the Orient which has up to this time almost escaped notice—the possibility that China may ignore her pledges of neutrality and take part in the struggle now going on. If she does so, it is inevitable that her former antagonist, Japan, will be her partner, and that the two will, when united against Russia, make a terrific effort to drive the latter from Manchuria. That this issue is not only possible, but probable, may be made evident by some of the data now in hand.

The first fact to be noted is that China has a very different army now from the one she had during the Chinese-Japanese war. She learned a lesson at great expense, and the teachings of that conflict were not entirely wasted upon her. Drill-masters have been at work; officers have been chosen with care; a new method and order of discipline have been introduced among her troops, and the forces

now organized and massed north of Peking—avowedly for the protection of neutral territory, but possibly to be in a position of strategic value in relation to the present campaign in case the time arrives when a blow is to be delivered in conjunction with the Japanese forces—are made up of soldiers not to be despised. Moreover, an unusual man is at their head, the commander-in-chief of the Chinese army, Yuan Shih-kai, in the prime of life, expert in modern tactics, at home with his troops, acquainted with the questions of army life and administration now current, and ready to take the field when the time comes, as circumstances may require.

The critical character of the situation in China, politically speaking, is not realized by many observers of the events of the time. The Empress is now over seventy years of age; the Emperor is an imbecile; the chief men on whom the present dynasty has leaned in the vicissitudes of recent years, men of the status and ability of Li Hung Chang, are dead, and

the juncture may be at hand when the man and the hour for revolt coincide. Then the old dynasty may be easily and quickly overthrown and a new one established in its place.

We need not point out the strategic advantage which China possesses in the present location of her troops. They are massed along a border which flanks the Russian line of advance, whether the latter leads directly east or turns southward into Korea. With a Japanese army in their front, and the Chinese force on their right flank, the situation of the Russians would be desperate indeed unless they had an overwhelming force wherewith to face either one of the opposing armies.

It is well known that the present advantages of Russia in Manchuria were gained by the expenditure of large sums of money, given in one form or another to the chief men of the empire whose influence was paramount with the Empress. Millions of dollars, in cash or in stock in the Russo-Chinese Bank, or in other form, changed hands, and Russia's point was gained. Bargains of that sort can hardly last long, and as Russia has found reason for repudiating her pledge to withdraw from Manchuria at the end of a certain period, China may also find occasion and ground for ignoring the promises she has made to be neutral in the current conflict.

The question, "What would Germany, France, England and the United States do in case China should suddenly ally her forces with those of Japan?" no man can answer. But the possibility that this event may occur is so strong that it should command more attention than thus far it has done.

### Growth of Our Church

THE Year Book for 1904 furnishes some interesting statistics indicating the growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1900, and setting forth its activities during the past year and its present condition, as follows:

The first three years of the twentieth century, as far as the Methodist Episcopal Church is concerned, have been characterized by a considerable gain in membership, and a remarkable increase in contributions to the official benevolences of the church. We have now 28,213 churches, a gain of 983 over 1900, with a valuation of \$131,303,120, an increase of \$13,198,723 over 1900; 12,067 parsonages, an increase of 578 over 1900, with a value of \$21,650,488, which is an increase of \$2,714,225; while the indebtedness on our church property amounts to \$11,033,276, which is a decrease as compared with 1900 of \$860,060. In 1900 the net value of churches and parsonages was \$125,071,315, while the ratio of indebtedness was 8% per cent. At the present time the net value of churches and parsonages is \$141,839,332, and the ratio of indebtedness to value is 7% per cent. The membership, including probationers, is fixed at 3,029,500, which is an increase for the year of 29,265, and an increase over 1900 of 99,886. The membership of the church in the United States, on December 31, 1902, was 2,817,880, and the aggregate contributions of the church for missions that year to the parent society were \$902,815. There are more members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio than in any other State. The States having a Methodist Episcopal population of over 100,000 are as follows: Ohio, 302,413; Pennsylvania, 300,019; New York, 285,953; Illinois, 220,782; Indiana, 198,185; Iowa, 152,329; Michigan, 110,344; New Jersey, 160,208; Kansas, 101,464. The membership of the Sunday-schools in the United States is computed at 2,884,465. The amount contributed by these Sunday-schools for missions was \$429,294. The contributions during the year to missions, including gifts from the church, Sunday school, Woman's Foreign and Woman's Home Missionary Societies, amount to \$2,250,643; to a number of other benevolent objects sums that bring the grand total up to \$2,884,688.